

January, 1938

The Liguorian



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Catholic Anecdotes - *Book Reviews*

Lucid Intervals - *Catholic Comments* - *Liguoriana*

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AMONGST OURSELVES

Like Father Tim Casey, in his brittle conversation with the mill-owner in this issue, we are wishing all our readers a Happy New Year. Not as a matter of business policy, or of habit and routine, but in the spirit of Christian charity in which this magazine is edited and sent forth. Through the months of the New Year it will echo our wish—for every word written and sent forth will be directed toward the bringing of true happiness to its readers.

And so we reiterate our line-up of purposes in writing as we keep them on our desks and in our mind's eye: not for profit or personal gain; not for the promotion of some special or local or personal interest; not to advertise ourselves on anything we represent individually: but—to make more real the philosophy of the religion of Jesus Christ, to make more easy the practice of the self-sacrifice that religion demands, and to make more joyous the homes and the hearts of men.

We shall have a Happy New Year in fulfilling this purpose: we pray that its fulfillment will mean a happier New Year for every reader.

The Liguorian

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Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 1

NEW YEAR PLEA

Lord, give me eyes that I may see
Before my fellow man the face of Thee;
Lord, give me ears that I may hear
Thy gentle guiding voice forever near.

Lord, give me faith that I may know
What Thou wouldst have me do and whither go;
Lord, give me love more strong than death
For Thee, till death my soul encompasseth.

Lord, give me strength to do my tasks —
Whate'er Thy will or Thy desire asks;
Lord, give me hope to cheer me on
When every human comforter is gone.

Lord, give me life — the life that Thou
Canst with Thy grace the soul of man endow;
And give me voice with which to sing
Of Thy great mercies my remembering.

— D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

NEW YEAR CHARITY

C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

HURRYING along the icy sidewalk from the church door to the rectory, his head bent against the cutting wind, Father Timothy Casey halted just in time to avoid bumping into a big man in a fur overcoat.

"Ah, Mr. Crackstone — I wish you a happy New Year."

"The same to —" the big man began, then, suddenly checking himself, he backed off a few steps and surveyed the priest. "By g-gosh," he muttered, "by gosh, I believe you mean it!"

Father Casey gritted his teeth to stop them from chattering with the cold. He saw that the hard-boiled mill owner, who could drive his men like an old-time sea captain, had mellowed under the influence of the New Year spirit and the copious libations with which he had welcomed it. Knowing well that a millionaire may hunger for a truly kind word as keenly as a bootblack, he lingered for a bit of banter.

"Of course I mean it, Mr. Crackstone. I do wish you a happy New Year. With all my heart I wish that every minute of every hour of every day of this new-born year may bring all that is best for you in soul and body, in health and contentment, in social intercourse and business undertakings. Of course I mean it. Why else should I say it?"

"Why else should you say it? Why, for the same reason that I do — because everybody else is saying it."

"But everybody says it because he means it, doesn't he?" Father Casey put the question to draw him out.

"Like he —, I mean, like fun he does. The hobo, that just now asked me for a dime for a cup of coffee (?), said he wished me a happy New Year. What he really wished was that he could meet me in a dark alley and nab my roll. This morning I ran into the foreman I fired. He said: 'Mr. Crackstone, I wish you a happy New Year.' He meant: 'I'd like to see you in hell.' My wife's aunt (the malicious old snake) called down the stairs: 'Robert, I hope you have a happy New Year.' I knew she meant: 'I hope you choke.' So, with all my heart, I responded: 'I wish

you the same.' Last night at the party, the hostess put me next to that crook who cut me out of the Scandinavian market. Of course I said: 'Bunkins, old boy, I wish you a happy New Year — meaning — I wish your ships would go to the bottom and your blasted mills burn down.'"

"Come, come, you do not mean the half of what you are saying. It would be a crooked world if New Year greetings meant that," the priest expostulated.

"'Tis a crooked world. And most New Year greetings mean just what I said. That is why I was flabbergasted when *you* wished *me* a happy New Year — *and meant it.*"

"**I** S THERE any reason why I should not wish a happy New Year to you?"

"A whole flock of reasons. You are a priest and I am a Mason. You believe in Rome, I believe in Wall Street. You cater to the greasy proletariat, I shun them like the smallpox. You damn the cabarets, I boost for them. You — you —"

"Mr. Crackstone, the fact that I am a Catholic and a priest is not a reason why I should not wish you well. On the contrary, it is a reason why I must do so. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who founded the Catholic Church, commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves. The Catholic who does not wish well to his neighbor — even though that neighbor be his enemy — is not living up to the rules of the organization he professes to belong to."

"Yeah, I've heard that love-thy-neighbor-as-thyself line before. But look here," and the big man swayed unsteadily under his cargo of alcohol, "how, I ask you, as man to man, how the heck can you — how can any decent citizen love the drunken, crime-pocked jail-birds prowling around that cheap saloon down the street? How can he love them as much as he loves himself? Answer me that."

"The command does not say and does not mean that I should love my neighbor *as much* as I love myself. In fact I am commanded to love and guard and save my own soul first of all. That is the job God has assigned to *me*. Unless I am giving my best efforts to that, all my endeavors to help others will be empty and useless. No, it does not mean that I must love my neighbor as much as myself."

"What then does it mean?"

"It means what it says — that I must love my neighbor *as* I love my-

self — in *the same way* that I love myself. It presupposes that I am loving myself in the right way. Remember that is only the second half of the commandment. The commandment must be taken as a whole to make sense. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and they neighbor as thyself.' He that does not love his God, may love himself as a tree loves itself or as a hog loves itself, but the man who loves God can possibly love himself as a reasonable being should love itself. Therefore the command means that I must love my neighbor for God — that I must not wish him any harm I should not wish myself — that I must befriend him for his good, not for my own, just as I desire that others befriend me for my good, not for what they hope to get out of it. — That is loving my neighbor as I love myself."

"I see your explanation. But still I do not see how it lets you off from loving the scum in that dive. And that was my question."

"It does not let me off from loving them. I love God; therefore I must necessarily love everybody that He loves."

"You do not mean to tell me that God loves that lousy bunch!"

"God loves every being created to His own image and likeness who retains, at least, the possibility of being united with Him forever in heaven. That means that He loves every human being — no matter how low that being may be sunk at the moment — with the sole exception of the damned in hell, who are hardened irrevocably in their bad will and who have therefore no possibility of ever turning back to their Creator."

"Sounds pretty grand," said the mill owner, "but it is just a little too heroic for me. I do not go in for the love of it, but I figure I do my share anyway. You would have to admit the fact yourself, Father Casey, if you were to take a squint at my books and see the way I have been gouged for this poor-relief, unemployment-fund and what not."

"You mean you give some of your surplus cash to feed the starving because you would be thrown into jail as a tax dodger if you didn't?"

"You wrong me there, Father Casey. I fed as many hungry people before there was any tax levied as I do now. And it felt better when I did it willingly without having an officer of the law coming around to tell me that I had to do it. But I fed them because they were hungry, not because I loved them."

"Pretty much the same way as you would feed a hungry dog, if he kept hanging around the street and making you feel uncomfortable at the sight of his hollow ribs, eh?"

"Listen, Father Casey. I've seen stray dogs that showed more gratitude than lots of the people I fed. And now, since the law forces me to cough up, they are a blamed sight worse. They demand their weekly allowance with as much cockiness as if it were coming to them. Billions of dollars are going for relief today — billions. Some of us are taxed eight or ten per cent of our superfluous income for that one item alone, and still we have the pack at our heels howling for more. Huh, talk about gratitude!"

"Of course, giving in order to be thanked, is giving for our own benefit, not for the other fellow's. And what a pity," the priest reflected, "that, with so much giving there should be so little charity."

"So little charity! Say, if that is only a little charity, how much would we have to give to make it a lot?"

"Mr. Crackstone, it is not a question of how much, it is a question of how. First of all, how you get the money to give. Do you get it by crooked dealing, by overcharging for your goods or underpaying your help? Then it is a question of how you give the money you've got. Do you give at a sacrifice to yourself or only what you could not possibly enjoy if you tried? While giving your money, do you likewise give your sympathy, your interest, your personal service, especially in effective endeavor to better the condition of the poor so they will be made independent of relief? Above all, do you give for the love of God — do you see in every poor man your own brother in God? Do you heartily desire him to have as much happiness as you desire for yourself? Do you give selflessly, in order to make him happy, not for any sentimental satisfaction, peace of mind, freedom from molestation for *yourself*, or do you give fruitlessly, out of mere pagan pity? Unless you give in the Christian way, it matters not how much you give, you never perform the slightest act of charity. Charity is a virtue — the highest of all the virtues, for it is identical with the sovereign virtue called love of God. Whoever divorces his giving from the love of God, has *no* charity."

THE TWO men were interrupted by a little old lady who greeted them respectfully with a queenly old-fashioned curtsy and wished them a happy New Year.

"Begging your Reverence's pardon, 'tis my wee mite to help with the New Year dinner for the people at the Old Folks Home, poor

things." And, with her palsied hands, she gave the priest sixty-five cents—one-hundred per cent of *her* surplus income.

"Who was that?" Mr. Crackstone inquired.

"The Widow Joyce, who lives in an attic across the way. And mark well," said Father Casey, "she gave more—actually more—in charity than a whole regiment of multi-millionaires."

"She wished us *both* a happy New Year," beamed the mill owner, "*and she meant it.*"

BRIBES FOR A KING

Prince Otto Von Habsburg, 24-year-old son of the former Austrian emperor and pretender to the throne, who is living in exile in Belgium, recently revealed that he has been offered enormous sums of money to renounce his claim to the Austrian throne. The offers themselves, made by politicians, are indications that there is a strong movement to restore the monarchy in Austria, and Otto has devoted his life to preparing himself for the throne. The following is his program for the new Austria under his leadership:

1. A democratic monarchy, with equal rights for all.
2. An independent, German, Christian, social state of guilds. He would retain much of the governmental machinery and ideology created by the late Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss.
3. A definite renunciation of any form of dictatorship relying on force, without however, for the time being, departing from the "authoritarian" features of the present Austrian government.
4. Courageous, sympathetic and unbroken leadership "by a royal house whose destinies have been identical with that of Austria for eight centuries."
5. Insistence on governmental economies to lighten the load of taxpayers.
6. Leadership "with a soul," with ideas and with courage to ascertain by experiment the best means of solving problems in a new and complicated world.
7. Hearty and friendly co-operation with other States in the Valley of the Danube so as to try, under new conditions, to regain some of the commercial advantages which the region enjoyed when it was a "Habsburg economic unit."

Prince Otto was accorded a doctorship by Louvain University for a thesis on the agricultural situation in Austria and Hungary.

FIONN OF THE HAND

Long before the Christian faith came to Erin, lived Fionn of the Hand. But Fionn was a forerunner of the glorious faith that was to come in later years.

W. T. Cullen, C.Ss.R.

IT WAS about the board of Niall, ruler in those parts, you would find Fionn of the Hand sitten among the eldest there, fourscore years upon him though stalwart he was with a ruddy brow beneath the white hair, the eye of him quick and keen as in youth.

His counsel he gave with the proven men of the king and his words weighted with years and wisdom, for he had gone afar in his day with the legions of Rome, out of this land of wintry sojourn and over the seven seas of the world to where folks spoke in other tongues and followed other kings and other gods. Back he had come in after years, weary with the wars of Rome but fearless and upstanding, full of queer things seen and heard, the scars of battle upon him and a mark he bore on the arm of him to win the name he was called, Fionn of the Hand.

Of hot distant countries he could speak, with skies of beaten brass where waved the date palm and fig tree in green places, or men perished of thirst on burning sands, striving for the blue waters that danced ahead before their failing eyes. Over great cities and rich provinces he had ridden the tide of conquest, with the armies of Rome sweeping across wide oceans, there to know life in other climes and stern fighting.

In palace and temple entrance was his to behold the orgies of the great, or watch in grim contrast the smoke of sacrifice ascend and blood spilt on festal altars east and west. Of a people he had ken who claimed the True God as their own; years on end he had tarried a soldier in their land, guarding the peace of victory that clung to the proud legion standards.

And when his time was complete and the Caesar of Rome was made mindful of his service he fain took leave of stranger lands and turned his face to the west with men of his own speech, and over Gaul they made their way and across the waters till after drear days they stood upon their native heath, their feet firm in the sweet soil of their fathers.

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To the toil of husbandry had he there set himself, and awhile as the years of housing and herding passed on he gave service with those of his clan to chief and lord, winning a final place in high councils, and in his later days spending his worth at the dun of the great king that sat over the provinces.

A man apart was Fionn in this ancient time that of it all had brought with him a thing new and strange from lands beyond, waking the anger of priests in his speech, albeit chiefs and tribesmen gladly heard his tales, half inclining their hearts to find faith in his beliefs.

FOR Fionn of the Hand no more bowed him down to the gods of his nation, to the forces of Machta and Baal by land or the hosts of Lir by sea, nay, among the people of the True God an answer he had found in the hills of Juda, and that which was sacred to the elders of his race he knew and said to be an idle shadowing of Truth, for which cause he was held in spite by the dread priests of the druid, seeking chance ever to entrap him in his words.

When the great hearth would be roaring against the sharp cold of night, and there gathered the mighty men of Niall to share of the day's hunt and the warm blaze, Niall the king might summon Fionn of the Hand bidding a tale of life and travel, the far countries with shining sands underfoot and sunlit skies, and Fionn must lay the wraiths of cold and winter with visions of gleaming waters and laden caravans and men marching the trackless stretches of the East.

Ever the tale of his that found favor most to the hush of all, even the muttering priest, was a simple story of years since gone when a governor of the Judean province had guards detailed to the realm of one Herod, there to lend Roman flavor to the court, keeping in watch the kingdom against rebellion and disquiet.

Among the stars of heaven in those days, seen of all, there shone one of great brightness and to the ears of royal Herod came a fearful rumour that this portent should be to him in warning of ruin and overthrow. For men of wisdom were come out of far countries following the light of the star, their camel trains bearing kindly gifts to one who should be born under this sign, He to be ruler of the peoples.

At the word a demon came into the soul of Herod that sat at his brooding in the splendor of his hall, fierce jealousy gnawing at his vitals, his mind plotting death to the new-born rival. Before him he

hasted to summon the three wise ancients asking news of this strange birth, speeding them in their journeying that at their return he too might go to see and adore.

But to the court of Herod they came no more and haunting unrest sat upon the king that day by day gave way to bleak despair, and at length he ordered forth men of his command to scour town and countryside and no man-child be spared the sword, that was not yet two years born. Then awful terror took hold in the land, women fleeing hither and yon from the hands of swordsmen, hiding their offspring in the hills and open fields or among the marshy places, all roads out of the country stopped and great slaughter going forward in the streets and roads and by-ways of the cities.

TO FIONN and those of his captaincy there fell to guard the southern way that went from the land of Judea through waste country into Egypt, and many the traveller that perforce must turn back, hastening this road to save his own from the butchery within the walls.

A heartsick task it was to the outland soldier and bitter to him the helpless woes of the harried mothers, but none might pass by order of the empowered craven and failure here should be met with death.

So they watched by day, halting the wearied pilgrims in their flight and by night when desert jackals howled and the silent moon of Israel looked down upon the misery of the land, at times in the deep of night the guard dwindling to a lone sentry while the others snatched at coveted sleep.

One such night when cold winds blew across the northern plains and watch-fires burned low, the men of the cohort slept beside the embers leaving Fionn thus alone to the vigil. Leaning the while on his spear he gazed above to the star hanging over whence should come the new king, his soul pondering the strange tidings gone now abroad even to the midst of the legion.

Of a sudden, looking into the night he saw a far light approaching in the open road, and that came steadily on and halted not, nor wavered in hailing distance of the sentry fire; a company, mayhaps it would be, seeking safe refuge for a child, and the weary folk to be here waylaid and met with grim refusal.

A very small party it was, as Fionn might witness when they were

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come nearer, only a bearded man that walked with a staff to guide the plodding donkey, and a woman who rode holding to her breast a bundle sleeping in quiet. The men at the fire made no stir and Fionn, though the heart within him went against the task, took up his stand to bar the road, the oncoming travellers drawing closer, the light about them as if they walked in mid day. Strange it was, for they bore no lantern and the moon however bright gave no brilliance the like of this.

A tired pair they looked as he cried them halt and put his spear across, closing the narrow way. The grave man stood, a poor craftsman of these people, fleeing away to shield his child from the wrath of the mad tyrant, and in the young face of the woman there was sadness though none of the hopeless terror he had seen on thousands in these days. The gentle look of her there in the night carried him back to what he had once held most dear in the world, over the waters and to the fair hills of his own country, and when she spoke it seemed as it were in the soft tongue of his own people.

"Youth," she said with a voice low and full of beauty like the gentle falling of waters in the cool of a glade, "we are but humble folk passing from Chanaan, out of the heritage which God the Lord has given our fathers, and we seek shelter in the land of Egypt, having no wrong intent upon us thus for we are at peace with all men."

The man, taking the word, said as the woman that travellers they were into a strange country seeking but harbor and begging leave safely to pass, and the plea, calm and earnest, went to the soldier's heart who, but that he bethought him of the threat, was minded to give them way.

And then the child awoke and looked upon Fionn.

FOR years amid blood and strife and horror the face of that child was before him, clear as this night in the Judean wayside, and the starlit eyes of the hunted babe looking into his soul until after he knew that speech had gone from his tongue and might from his arm and he stood helpless that had smitten through helm and cuirass at a blow, making to call his comrades where they slept, Ulric of Gaul and Plotin out of Tyre, but the words came not and the spear of him fell to the ground.

The child reached from his swathing and smiled and laid a tiny hand upon the soldier's arm, and a mighty faith rose within that surged through all his being. Then, ere they made to go, the woman spoke

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again: "Soldier, if thou hast wife or mother in some far clime, think on what a mother's love may be and know that for this my child I bear that to exceed all kindred love in this poor world; for this is he whose star doth shine above and in his name are slain the countless innocents within the confines of this land. For him the ages sigh and nations shall come to worship before him. Behold him thus, soldier, for never shall thine eye look upon his like again in the earth, and beyond the realm of time mayest thou gaze upon his glory evermore." And wishing him peace, they betook them on their way, leaving with him the ancient greeting of Israel: Peace be to you.

He watched them along the road against the greying hills, the man walking in the way and the woman, still a maid, with her child, as on they went into the land of Egypt, the light about them which shone in the darkness and the darkness did not comprehend.

And in his soul he was glad they were passed and no power in him to stay their passing, for where the child had put forth his small hand the mark was yet on him and a great joy within, and he saw Him thence with the eyes of the soul.

Thus full in faith and steadfast did Fionn come later into his own country gainsaying the followers of other gods and no man to say him nay for the mark stood for all to see and the strength of him proof against all save power from above.

And the story of Fionn went down through the years to quench at length in the land the fires that rose from pagan hill and henge and kindle in their stead a new flame that, strong and clear as faith and hope and warm as the love of God, should never, never die.

MAKING A WILL

A wealthy woman was dying. She had two daughters, one married and the other a Sister of Charity. While her lawyer was making her will, her daughter's husband was at her bedside and heard her directing him to divide the estate equally between her two daughters.

"But mother," remonstrated the son-in-law, "are you going to leave half your goods to your daughter who is in the convent?"

The dying woman raised her head and answered: "Do you think that my other son-in-law, Jesus Christ, is of no importance? or that my grandchildren, the poor, have no right to inherit my property as well as the grandchildren whom you and my daughter have given me?"

THE INSEPARABLES

The time: Eternity.

The place: The gate of Heaven.

The characters: St. Peter and a certain soul seeking admission.

* * *

(St. Peter's contemplations are rudely interrupted by a loud knocking. Turning aside he picks up the great key to the gate of heaven, and goes forward to interview the latest arrival. With caution born of many centuries of experience, he stops inside the locked doors.)

Soul: May I come in?

St. Peter: Who are you?

Soul: A well-known public man.

St. Peter: Where are your credentials? Let me see the record of your service.

Soul: Here it is.

(St. Peter takes the papers passed to him through a small opening in the gate. He glances through them and as he reads his eyes kindle with wrath.)

St. Peter *(Somewhat angrily)*: What! With a dirty record like this of graft, injustice, lying and cheating, infidelity and oppression of the poor and the workingman, your children sent to "fashionable" schools where they lost their faith. . . . What! And with such a record you have nerve enough to come here and ask for admission to heaven? No! Begone!

Soul *(With the air of a man playing a trump that is certain to win the game)*: Easy now; just a moment. Don't get excited about it. Look here—here is my record as a private person, an outstanding Catholic.

St. Peter: Hmm! Yes, I see. *(He reads aloud.)* Alms to the poor. *(Aside—It would have been better if he had paid them decent wages.)* Recitation of the rosary frequently. *(Aside—But his Guardian Angel reported that his thoughts were never on his prayers, it was just a matter of form.)* Mass frequently on Sundays. *(Aside—Frequently? Is that what he has to show for fidelity? No doubt he was too busy with those crooked political deals, too much business to attend to; but he could leave his business to go to Miami or Hollywood, not to Mass.)* Confession and Communion. . . .

Soul *(Anxiously)*: Don't overlook the fact that I often went to the Perpetual Help services and you were a missionary and you know what the missionaries all preach about the servants of Mary.

St. Peter *(Wearily but firmly)*: Yes, true servants of Mary. . . . Well? Suppose that all that you have in the record of your private life were true,—then what? Suppose that in private life you did try to live as a Catholic but in your public life you lived as an anti-Catholic; you may have been able to deceive men but you could never fool God, no matter how hard you tried. So in the meantime, until Almighty God Himself discovers some way of separating in you the public man from the private Catholic, the private Catholic will have to keep the public man company in hell. We can't admit both of you here.

HOW TO BE PURE

Secular magazines, strangely enough, have been presenting various "cases for chastity" in recent months. But few of them have touched on the real issue in the matter. "How can one be pure?" Here is the answer, based on the writings and teachings of the great director of souls, St. Alphonsus.

ONE DAY, the Gospel tells us, the disciples tried to expel from an unfortunate boy an unclean spirit. They were unsuccessful. Other evil spirits they had expelled but against this one they were powerless. The distracted father brought his son to Our Saviour and immediately He drove him out. Alone with their Master His disciples asked Him: "Why could not we cast him out?" "This kind (of devil)," replied Our Saviour, "is not cast out but by prayer and fasting." (Math. 17, 14-20; Mark 9, 16-28).

Those who have unhappily become slaves to the demon of impurity, as well as those who wish to keep him from gaining possession of their souls may well remember Our Lord's words. The devil of impurity can be driven out or kept out only by prayer and fasting. Here are two weapons of defense, which, if faithfully employed, will infallibly insure our victory over all the assaults of the flesh. Prayer, plenty of it, and fasting, that is, self-denial, mortification not merely of the sense of taste but mortification of all the senses.

FIRST WEAPON — PRAYER

WHAT PRAYERS TO SAY

(1) Morning, Evening and Meal Prayers daily. They need not be long. Time yourself with your watch and see what a splendid morning or evening prayer you can say in two or three minutes.

(2) Make it your life-habit in time of temptations against purity to say: "Jesus and Mary, help me!" "Lord, save us we perish!" or some other short appeal for help. Even though you have a thousand bad thoughts a day, if you remember to invoke the Sacred Names, you may be sure that you commit no sin. The very fact that you pray, proves that consent of the will, one of the three requirements for mortal sin, is lacking.

(3) Cultivate devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Say three "Hail

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Marys" morning and evening daily, and after each add: "By Thy Immaculate Conception, O Mary, make my body pure and my soul holy."

This Prayer for Victory in Temptations should also be said once a day:

One "Hail Mary," then the following: "My Queen! my Mother! I give Thee all myself, and to show my devotion to Thee, I consecrate to Thee this day my eyes, my ears, my mouth, my heart, my entire self. Wherefore, O loving Mother, as I am Thine own, keep me, defend me as Thy property and possession."

FREQUENT CONFESSION AND COMMUNION

A good Confession saturates the soul with grace, enables it to hold in reserve a constant and abundant supply from which to draw in time of temptation, and serves as a check against relapse. A kindly warning or a wise suggestion from the confessor has saved many a young man and young woman from vicious habits that would have spelled their physical and spiritual ruin. It is well to remember, however, that the soul which reaps the fullest benefits from confession is not the one which runs from one confessor to another, but the soul that confesses as a rule, to the same spiritual guide.

Frequent Communion is rightly styled "the corn of the elect, and the wine springing forth virgins" (Zach. 9, 17). "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me and I in him," said Our Blessed Saviour. During earthly life, the sick were cured, persons freed from unclean spirits by mere contact with His Sacred Body. One afflicted with an issue of blood for twelve years, was healed instantly by touching the hem of His garment. How wholesome the influence He must exercise over the soul which not only comes into bodily contact with Our Saviour, but which is united to Him in the closest manner possible in Holy Communion! Therefore every man, woman and child should join a parish society or sodality and faithfully receive on his or her Communion Sunday once a month. Those who are particularly weak on account of past indulgence, or who are almost constantly exposed to necessary occasions of sin, should receive the Sacraments even more frequently.

SECOND WEAPON — MORTIFICATION OF THE SENSES

HOW TO MORTIFY OUR SENSES

- (1) Eyes — Generally speaking, it is by the sight that all inordinate

desires and affections are excited. "Death is come up through our windows," says the prophet Jeremias. The eyes are the windows of the soul through which the death of sin enters. "Gaze not about another's beauty . . . hereby lust is enkindled as a fire." (Ecclus. 9: 8, 9).

As a result of unguarded looks, David, Samson, Solomon fell into frightful impurities. None of us is so conceited as to think himself holier than David, stronger than Samson, wiser than Solomon.

Caution must also be exercised in the plays and talkies we view, in the articles, stories and pictures of the books, magazines, reviews, newspapers we read, and for those who frequent public bathing pools and beaches, extraordinary vigilance is required.

(2) Hearing — "Hedge in thy ears with thorns, hear not a wicked tongue," warns the Holy Spirit (Ecclus. 38, 23). We must avoid entirely the company of those who use foul, indecent language. If our work or necessity makes that impossible, we must refrain from encouraging it by asking questions, by laughing, etc. Make an effort to change the subject of the conversation.

(3) Touch — In attending to the personal necessities of the body, be prudent and modest, but never scrupulous. Never touch the body for the sake of mere sensual pleasure.

The safest rule in dealing with those of the opposite sex is, "Noli me tangere!," "Don't touch me!" unless, of course, necessity or charity demands it.

Not every kiss or embrace between company-keepers is a sin but they easily lead to what is sinful. Necking and petting should never be indulged in by those who wish to remain virtuous. "Of all the youth who go to parties, attend dances, and ride together in automobiles, more than ninety per cent indulge in hugging and kissing," says Judge Lindsey of Denver. His long and intimate experience with youth well qualifies him to speak. "Fifty per cent of the original ninety per cent indulge in half-way sex intimacies that wreck the health and morals alike . . . fifteen to twenty-five per cent of those who begin with hugging and kissing eventually 'go the limit,' " continues the Judge. (Physical Culture, Jan., 1935).

Dancing, in itself is not necessarily a sin. Far too many dances, however, are undoubtedly highly immodest and sinful. To such apply the words of Holy Scripture: "Their children dance and play . . . and in a moment they go down to hell." (Job 21, 11-13).

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Even at balls held under respectable auspices, where nothing evidently objectionable is tolerated on the floor, one may not throw caution aside; for dancing easily inflames passion and may very readily become an occasion of sin. Highly important for young persons is a prudent chaperone. Close bodily contact should never be tolerated. It offends not only modesty and good morals, the ordinary courtesy that should exist between a gentleman and his lady-friend, but it even violates the canon of artistic dancing which demands sufficient space between the couple to allow for graceful execution of movement.

(4) Taste — "Impurity is nourished by eating to excess," says St. Bonaventure (de Prof. rel. 1, 2, c. 52). And St. Jerome: "A full stomach provokes incontinence" (Adv. Jovin. 1, 2). On the other hand moderation in eating and fasting keep under control the fires of concupiscence.

"The body that is inflamed with wine will overflow with lust," says St. Jerome. "Wine and drunkenness take away the understanding" (Osee 4, 11). "Wine hath destroyed very many," says the Holy Ghost (Ecclus. 31, 30). Hence alcoholics must be taken with reasonable moderation.

FLY OCCASIONS

St. Philip Neri used to say that in this warfare cowards, that is, those who avoid dangerous occasions, gain the victory. Therefore, we must shun persons, places, things that are occasions of sin to us. Let a man use every other precaution, if he wilfully and unnecessarily places himself in the occasion of sin, he is lost, "He that loveth danger shall perish in it" (Ecclus. 3, 27). "Wherefore he that thinketh himself to stand, let him take heed lest he fall (I Cor. 10, 12).

IDLENESS

Idleness is the devil's workshop. An old proverb. Idleness was the cause of the impure excesses of the inhabitants of Sodom. "Behold this was the iniquity of Sodom . . . the idleness of her" (Ezech. 16, 49). Due to financial difficulties, the father of St. Augustine was forced to take his son from school. Augustine, a youth of sixteen, had too little to do at home, too much leisure. It was this idleness, the Saint admits, that led him into the very depths of immorality.

The editors feel that the value of this article will be recognised by all who have the care of youth. Copies in leaflet form may be obtained for 3 cents each, 50 for \$1.00 by writing to
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MANY CANDLES ARE LIGHTED

There are resolutions — and resolutions. Some are merely the selfish expressions of regret over one's follies. Others are like the enkindling of a flame, from which many candles of love are lighted.

M. J. Huber, C.Ss.R.

IT WAS an ordinary New Year's Eve. The regular crowds choked all available space in the regular places. The usual din, the customary spending, the whirl and riot of it all expressed the accepted idea that the new year must be welcomed while a silly good time is being had by all.

When the big night had died of exhaustion, the customary resolutions were made. Mother and Dad took their headaches to church — to the last mass — in the morning.

"I'll never go to another party!" Dad resolved generously, while his head seemed to split in a new place every time he breathed.

"No more late hours for me!" Mother resolved sweepingly, as wave upon wave of pain rolled from the back of her head and crashed its needle-points of spray against her eyes.

But very probably Mother and Dad will accept the next invitation they receive, because a refusal would be a silent acknowledgment to each other and to their friends that they are slowing up and can no longer "take it."

"I'll never drink again!" was the chorus of the resolution in Junior's singing head. But even while sipping ice-water he was considering the advisability of a "short one" just to brace himself for the date he had that evening with his crowd.

"I'll never drive too fast again!" moaned Daughter. That was a resolution that would be kept for a while. Daughter had crashed into another car while speeding home after spending hours at the big party. Some shattered bones and some serious cuts and bruises would keep her in the hospital for weeks.

What a dark, dreary morning for the first day of the new year! . . .

BUT SEE what happened in that same hospital on New Year's Eve. In Room 520 Sister Mary Stella, partially paralyzed and unable

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to speak, lay motionless on her bed. Her eyes were fixed upon the crucifix in her hands, and her face was alive with expression. She, too, made a resolution for the coming year, expressing it in the form of a prayer: "O my Jesus, if it be Thy will that I should live another year, grant that every day may be a candle burning on the altar of my love for Thee. May the flame of each candle be the flame of Thy grace and Thy love in my soul. And though I can no longer speak of Thy goodness to others, let me still be kind and cheerful. Let me never seem to suffer; let me smile always, — always smiling Thy cheerful, loving kindness into the lives of others, lighting in their souls the soft flame of happiness and peace."

Confident that her prayer had been heard, Sister Mary Stella smiled lovingly towards the crucifix, not noticing that Nurse Hogan was standing at the door. Nurse Hogan was on night duty and had to refuse three invitations to go out for New Year's Eve. She was in a mood which could be changed into a fit of temper by the merest trifle. But when she saw the happy smiling face of Sister Mary Stella in the soft glow of the night-light, she stopped abruptly at the door, looked in for a few moments, and walked away. She could not go into any room now because she was crying; not sobbing, — just great big tears forming in her eyes and rolling down her cheeks. And she could not understand why such a tremendous but gentle flood of peace and happiness was pouring into her heart.

Blinded by her tears she did not notice Doctor Connell as he turned quickly from the intersecting corridor; and very unexpectedly Nurse Hogan realized she was in Doctor Connell's arms.

"O Bob, I love you! Really, I do," she said quietly, but with her heart in every word. "I looked in at the door of 520 and . . ."

"Door of 520?" Doctor Connell murmured vaguely.

"Yes . . . Sister Mary Stella, smiling . . . her crucifix in her hands. And then I knew, — I don't know why, — that every time you asked me to marry you I said no because I was afraid."

"Afraid? Of what?"

"Afraid of giving up — forgive me, Bob, — of giving up the good time I was having while I was free to go out when and where I wanted, and afraid of settling down to be a doctor's wife. It was silly of me, Bob, and perhaps it's silly to be saying these things now, because, well — do you still love me? And, — oh, you've asked me often enough, so now I'll ask you, — will you marry me?"

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Again Nurse Hogan was in Doctor Connell's arms. And now two flames of peace and happiness had been lighted by the smile of Sister Mary Stella.

THE JOY in Doctor Connell's heart as he was driving home carried him blindly through a boulevard stop. A siren wailed commandingly, and the doctor found himself at the curb, a motorcycle beside him, and Officer Toomey asking: "Are you lit up already?"

After chasing traffic offenders for a greater part of the afternoon and evening Officer Toomey was hungering for a hot and heavy verbal battle. But one glance at Doctor Connell's happy smiling face disarmed him. He laughed aloud.

"Hi, Doc! I didn't recognize you. Since when did you begin crashing stop-signs? But wait, Doc; don't tell me. I'll guess. That smile plastered all over your face can mean only one thing: that Hogan girl said she'd marry you."

"Wrong, Toomey! I said I'd marry *her*."

Officer Toomey laughed again. "That's clever! Congratulations, Doc!"

"Thanks, Toomey."

"All right, youngster, on your way. And mind you watch those stops."

Officer Toomey, wondering why he felt so happy, stopped at a florist's shop on his way home that night, and he cared not who might see him. He could not remember when he had last brought flowers home to his wife, but tonight she would have the best. And having stopped again to add a box of candy for the children, Officer Toomey marched forward to a happy New Year's Eve at home.

AND AS the year goes on, many fathers and mothers, as well as their sons and daughters, will remember their resolutions, if at all, as some silly things they said on New Year's Eve in a moment of regret, or pain, or shame; while Sister Mary Stella, from her bed of suffering, will continue to light candles of peace and happiness in the lives of others with the soft flame of her smile.



Nothing leads oftener to reckless haste than needless delay.

Three Minute Instruction

ON DRUNKENNESS

Since the repeal of prohibition, drunkenness has returned to its place in Society as one of the major evils of the day. It is an evil that is today degrading the lives of women as well as of men; it calls for an intensive campaign of instruction and suasion to be lessened or destroyed. Let anyone who is in remote or proximate danger of the evil consider these truths:

1. Drunkenness to the extent of the loss of the use of one's faculties is a mortal sin. The sin is actually committed in the moment when a person realizes that if he continues to drink he will very probably lose control of himself. If he knows by past experience that after two or three or four drinks of a certain kind the next one will be the beginning of forgetfulness, then, when he takes that next one he is guilty of a mortal sin.

2. Drunkenness is an especially vicious mortal sin, because it deprives a man of even the possibility of thought or the exercise of free will. This means that if a man were to die while drunk, his mortal sin of drunkenness would be the last conscious and free act on the record by which he would be judged before God. The dying drunkard has given up even his power of placating God by repentance before death.

3. Though drunkenness takes away the power of free will, it does not destroy the drunkard's responsibility for sins committed in that state. If a man knows or foresees the probability of committing grave sins of impurity or cruelty or blasphemy while drunk — if he sees the probability of these things, he accepts them along with the sin of drunkenness, and is guilty before God.

4. Many persons who do not get drunk themselves will find themselves condemned for the sins of drunkards on judgment day. Those who for profit or amusement or "fun" urge others on to the point of drunkenness; those who promote drunkenness by making it a matter of jest; those who place liquors within reach of others who they know cannot control themselves — these too shall find drunkenness a reason for their condemnation by God.

These are plain but stern facts about the sin of drunkenness. They impose an obligation upon all decent people of setting an example themselves and then doing all that they possibly can to avert sins of drunkenness on the part of others. Let it be looked upon, talked about, campaigned against as a degrading moral, social and personal evil — and as such obstructed in its general increase.

DON'T WORRY!

If you must worry, at least find a good reason for it. Here are some of the causes of worry that are powerless over one who recognizes them. But who does?

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

THERE ARE few individuals in life who escape entirely the bugbear of worry. Some worry all the time about one thing; others worry a good share of the time about many things; almost all worry at least now and then about some things. Rather general observation of human behaviour warrants the conclusion that worrying is about as distinctive a characteristic of the human species as the more philosophically expressed attributes of rationality and risibility.

However, the human race does not seem to be satisfied to submit passively to this universal characteristic. Perhaps the most frequently given bit of advice in the world is the cryptic command, "Don't worry!" Business men tack the magic words over their desks; lawyers, doctors, social-workers, priests, inject it into the midst of other more technical instructions; friends employ it as an inevitable bit of comfort for friends in distress. It would be hard to think of a more universal formula of counsel.

The only people who seem bent on promoting worry are those who have some healing commodity to sell, like gargles or facial creams or laxatives or remedies for dandruff. They insist that people worry; they create worries, on the pretext that they can destroy them with their nostrums (which they usually can't) but with the real purpose of making money off people's worries (which they usually do). Their advice is "Do worry!" so that we won't have to worry about getting rich; and many are the deluded victims of their campaigns.

WHETHER due to lurid advertising or not, there are many worries burdening human hearts that need not be at all. Worry may be defined as a sense of protracted fear. It is that state of interior agitation, distress, anxiety, unrest, trepidation or strain that renders a person miserable and inefficient. Furthermore we mean those forms of fear that have no valid or sufficient cause, even though they are very real to the one they affect.

There are, of course, forms of fear that are healthy and helpful in human life. Fear provides motivation that would often otherwise be lacking. Every man should be afraid of damnation, and this fear should be a strong deterrent to sin. Every normal person should be normally afraid of disease, and this should keep him from exposing himself imprudently to danger of disease. It would be both impossible and wrong to try to rid human nature of its healthy fears, because such are the immediate supports of the necessary instinct of self-preservation.

It is unhealthy fear that disturbs the peace of life and unhealthy fear is what we mean here by worry. However, much more is needed than the command "Don't worry" to put an end to the anguish resulting from groundless fear. Worry is a demon that can be driven out, not by the command of another, but only by self-searching and self-knowledge that will reveal the cause and suggest the suitable remedy. It is the purpose of this and succeeding articles to point out in a popular way some of the causes of worry, to provide self-tests by which they can be recognized, and to hint at the remedies that the respective situation calls for.

I. VANITY

One of the most common causes of worry is *vanity*. Choleric and sanguinic temperaments are especially subject to it. Vanity is an inordinate love of the excellence of one's own mental or physical or social or any other kind of qualities. Whether the excellence of the qualities about which a person is vain be imaginary or real, his inordinate love of them makes for inordinate solicitude and anxiety as to whether they are being properly shown off or properly appreciated by others. That solicitude often grows to the proportions of real worry.

A young lady who is vain about her looks will find herself worrying constantly about whether her nose is shiny; whether every wisp of hair is in the proper curl and the proper place; whether there is enough or too much rouge on her cheeks or lips; whether she is edging toward obesity, etc., etc. This kind of worry can even spoil the natural beauty with which a person is endowed; it sometimes lends a rather furtive look to the eyes, born of the constant search either for a looking-glass or an admirer; it makes for preoccupation during conver-

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sation with others and a sort of artificial tenseness that can be recognized as a sense of fear that to relax would be to disturb in some way the ravishing effect of the beauty that is being presented. This worry leads to extravagant expenditures; to harmful diets and treatments; and to agonies over a word of criticism. Often, too, it becomes as distressing to the mere onlooker as to the one afflicted.

Public speakers are subject to acute forms of the worry that springs from vanity. Either they feel that they have a reputation to uphold, or at least, some power of eloquence that should be recognized. Fear grips them lest they might not come up to their own estimate of themselves or might not make the impression on others expected of them. Worry sets in acutely from the moment they begin to prepare a discourse; it grows in intensity as the moment for appearance approaches, and often even follows the speech in a sense of failure—failure to gratify the lurking vanity. Flattery banishes the worry for a moment, but it always returns; words of criticism intensify it.

Vanity is even the cause of much of the worry that results in bashfulness and timidity in the social contacts of some people. They have an inward vision of some ideal of social decorum or honor that they want to represent; with vain eyes fixed on that, they grow afraid that they may happen to say the wrong word, or get mixed up in a sentence or make a breach of etiquette. Their hidden vanity renders them unwilling to take the chance and the result is that they stammer, blush, become reticent—in general, show themselves ill-at-ease and feel interior anguish.

WORRIES that are due to vanity can be diagnosed as such and prescribed for only by persons who are willing to answer in undisguised honesty such questions as the following:

"Exactly what am I afraid of? Is it not just a loss of dignity, or of honor, or admiration, or praise?"

"Are these the things I pretend to think worth living for and working for? Or rather do I deceive myself, making believe that I am living and working solely for the benefit and happiness of others, while all the time it is my own vanity that is being served?"

"Does not excessive worry about my appearance or my conversation or my work point to the practice of such hypocrisy in myself? And does not such worry frustrate not only my pretended purposes in

life, but even the aims of vanity itself, by interfering with my real efficiency and natural abilities? What good is such worry if that be its cause and its effect?"

The remedy that such questions will suggest is a good dose of humility. Humility does not allow a person to set up fictitious goals of attention or praise to be expected; it makes a man want to know only the truth about himself or his abilities, and to be known only for what he actually is. It makes him simple, natural, unaffected and un-self-conscious; and such people are usually free from worry — at least the worry of vanity.

II. *DIFFIDENCE*

Closely allied to vanity as a cause of worry, because it is also concerned with a wrong attitude towards self, is *diffidence*, or an exaggerated sense of inferiority. While the vain person has an exaggerated sense of his own excellence or ability and a fear that he may not live up to it or receive recognition for it, the diffident person has an exaggerated sense of his incapacity, and the result is the fear of even ordinary tasks and responsibilities. The vain person worries lest he may not be exceptional; the diffident person worries lest he may not even be ordinary.

Modern life presents many types of worry due to diffidence. Hypochondriacs are persons who are diffident about their health, and their tribe has increased since the day the microbe was discovered down through the years that have witnessed both scientific campaigns against real disease and advertising campaigns against imaginary disease. The hypochondriac is seldom feeling well enough to undertake even ordinary tasks, and when he does, fear of some approaching malignity holds him back. To him, coughing may mean tuberculosis; a sore throat may mean diphtheria or a similar fate; and a headache may bring a paralyzing fear of high blood pressure, which sometimes, as a matter of fact, results from such fear.

It is possible and not uncommon to overemphasize the imaginary factor in people's physical ailments, and this often leads to downright neglect and mistreatment of those who are really ill. But the hypochondriacs remain a steadfast group; always afraid of what they might have or will have if they do not take exaggerated care of themselves.

Then there is the spiritually diffident type, marked by exaggerated discouragement over faults and sins and anxiety over temptation. "I can't" is the most frequent phrase on their lips; the past simply blots out the possibilities of the future with a terrifying dark veil; every temptation is looked upon as a signal for a new defeat; every means of moral strength and courage is deemed inadequate on account of their weakness. Often this moral diffidence is accompanied (if not really caused) by false notions of good and evil that it is difficult to rectify; the whole situation becomes a problem too intricate for the sufferer to solve.

A third type of diffidence as the cause of worry is that of the man who is afraid that he will not be able to fulfill the responsibilities of his state. Fathers of families are especially subject to it. They are afraid they will not be able to hold their jobs, or afraid that they will not be able to get another job if they lose what they have; afraid that they will not be able to support their families. It must be admitted that the economic mess of the last several years has given too much solid ground to such fears. However, apart from depressions and unemployment crises, there are those who lose jobs for no other reason than their fear of losing them, which paralyses their natural abilities; those who cannot find jobs because the inertia caused by worry is evident at a glance to a would-be employer.

SINCE THIS kind of worry springs from an exaggerated sense of weakness, the person afflicted has to concentrate on analyzing the strength he really possesses, and for what he lacks in that to trust in the Providence of God. A good starting point is the method of St. Augustine crystallized in the axiom: "Others could do it, why cannot I?" The diffident person must take heart from the accomplishments of others less favored than himself. The hypochondriac will find that men and women have at times thrown off disease by forgetting about it; they have accomplished marvels in the face of disease, and when hampered by the presence of some real disease, have diverted their energies towards things they could do that make their names live in honor forever. The morally diffident person will take courage from the spiritual accomplishments of men like Augustine himself, and others who had a far worse background than their own against which to set a morally good and even holy life; the physically or socially diffident

person will find, if he looks around him, that far less happily endowed individuals than himself have not only fulfilled essential responsibilities, but have risen to some degree of success.

But while such persons are learning confidence in themselves, they must also be developing their confidence in God. It is He who gives a man his responsibilities in life, and He has never failed to give an individual the health, strength and courage he needed for what was expected of him. The most diffident person in the world can be inspired by meditation on that simple truth.

III. SECRET CONCUPISCENCE.

A third fruitful cause of worry is one not often mentioned but very common; it is secret and unfulfilled desire of concupiscence. Often people who wear furrowed brows and anxious expressions are the victims of the most selfish and unhealthy fear of all: the fear that they have missed or are missing some of the sweets of life. And not infrequently it is forbidden sweets that they are afraid of missing.

Many a married man leads an agitated existence simply because he is inwardly rebelling against what he thinks is the monotony of his home life and secretly dreaming about rare and exotic forms of pleasure and excitement which he has not opportunity to enjoy. Sometimes such a man, displaying all the signs of protracted worry, gets sympathy he does not deserve. "Poor man," his neighbors say, "he is not well, or his business is in bad shape, etc." This is one instance where gossip is kinder than the reality; because what is really worrying the heart of the man is that he cannot do everything he likes and enjoy everything he desires.

Many a so-called neurotic woman is made such over the non-fulfillment of impossible desires. The motion pictures with their luxurious settings, the cheap "love and passion" magazines, the torrid romantic novels, the newspaper play-up of gay divorcees, the columnists glorifying of night-clubs and night-life have created and fostered innumerable desires that haunt sensual men and weak-souled women. Because they cannot live in anything like the pace of their unmortified dreams, life has for them but one long worry over what they are missing.

SELF-DIAGNOSIS in this species of worry is extremely difficult. The worries spring from an entirely false view of life and a

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radically distorted idea of what brings true peace and joy. What makes the state still more difficult to prescribe for is the nebulous character of the desires that are racking the soul. The victim often does not know exactly what he wants; he knows he wants something other than life is giving him, but the pointer of desire swings so rapidly from one thing to another that he never has time to recognize by what he is being misled.

Despite the difficulty, the sufferer from frustrated concupiscence has to force from himself honest answers to some of the following questions:

"Just what do I desire that I haven't got? Forbidden experiences? Sinful pleasures? Freedom from all restraint? Relief from all responsibility? What noble desires for a creature born with a mind and a free will and an everlasting destiny! What degrading cowardice to let such desires destroy my usefulness in life!"

"And if I were granted my fill of these things, would I have what I wanted? Did anybody ever find happiness in such things? Are not the soundest values in life to be found in one's work, one's friends, one's means of *innocent* joy, one's honor, even one's suffering for the happiness of others? Is it not because I realize this in some vague way that I do not plunge into the sort of pleasure-seeking I desire? Then why do I torture myself and others by this secret yearning for what I have not and never shall have?"

Such forthright self-questioning will lead to what the worried sensualist needs most of all—a healthy mortification of his appetites and desires and his thoughts and dreams, and unyielding remembrance that a sense of duty and responsibility earnestly applied brings the only real rewards a man can know in this life or hereafter.

THERE, THEN, are three causes of human worry. There are sufferers from them who will recognize themselves in the description that has been given; and who will find relief and tranquility only in the application of the remedies that experience has proven. "Don't worry!" we say, but we add immediately, "because you yourself can see the folly of worries of vanity or diffidence or frustrated concupiscence."



Security is the mother of negligence. — *St. Gregory the Great.*

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

"Look for the woman in the case," says the French proverb, "and you'll usually find the cause of a man's downfall."

Whatever be the universal or partial truth of the proverb, (and we do not care to go into that just now) it is not so well known that a religious sect was once founded on the search for a certain woman, and collapsed when the woman could not be found. "*Cherchez la femme*," said its founders, "seek out the right woman, and then there's nothing to it; the true religion will have been formed." The story is one of the interesting bypaths into which a study of the history of religions leads.

The religion was called *Saint-Simonism*, though it was properly founded by two disciples of Saint-Simon, who took only a few shreds of the latter's teaching and elaborated their new religion around them. Saint-Simon himself was a French reformer, who started his own religion on the basis of a new social and economic regime of prosperity for the world.

The two disciples of Saint-Simon, Bazard and Enfantin, built around the name of Saint-Simon and remnants of his doctrine, one of the most peculiar religious structures the world has ever known. Its most striking feature was the position it gave to woman. The new religion was to realign all elements of society into a new hierarchy of artists, scientists, and workers. At the head of the new order was to be a sovereign father and a sovereign mother. They said man was incomplete without woman; that all previous religions had been too exclusively masculine affairs; therefore the real religion should have both a man and a woman at its head.

They found the sovereign father — Enfantin was only too glad to assume that role. But somehow they could not locate a woman to be that sovereign mother. They wrote and appealed and preached and sought; no fitting candidate presented herself. Finally the lack of a sovereign mother caused so much embarrassment and contention between Enfantin and Bazard, that the latter threw up the whole business and went out and shot himself.

Enfantin, the supreme father of the new religion, was not yet vanquished. Not finding a supreme mother in France, he appointed twelve apostles and dispatched them at once to Constantinople with the command to search the Turkish harems until a suitable candidate was found. After a year, presumably spent in searching, the twelve apostles returned and reported that their quest had been in vain. After that disappointment, Enfantin himself threw up the sponge.

The whole process, from the origin of the religion to its collapse for lack of a universal mother, took only ten years' time. Short as are the lives of most religious sects, few can touch that record for short-livedness.

THE PRAYER MEETING

The above title describes the character of the first part of the Liturgy of the Mass — from the opening prayers to the Offertory. The origin of its various parts is here described.

F. A. Brunner, C.Ss.R.

BEFORE the actual sacrificial rite of the Mass begins, there is an introductory service designed to prepare the heart for proper attendance at the mysterious rebirth of Christ on the altar. This service begins officially with the prayers of the priest at the foot of the altar and ends with the Creed. It is in part prayer and devotions, in part instruction — we speaking to God and God speaking to us.

In origin it is nothing else than a "Prayer Meeting" such as the early Christians held in imitation of the practices of the Jewish synagog. Just such an assembly our Lord was at when he manifested his messianic character to his neighbors of Nazareth. The chazan handed him the parchment roll containing the Prophecies of Isaías, and when he had unrolled the volume at the pericope marked for the day, our Lord sang out in a melody much akin to the present manner of reciting the Epistle:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
Because he has anointed me to preach good tidings to the
poor. . . ."

And when he had finished, with the eyes of all the synagog upon him, he announced, "Today this scripture which you have heard has been fulfilled."

At first this meeting was held apart from Mass, as an evening hour of worship, like the Vesper service that was customary in many parishes until a few years ago. But later it came to be associated with the Mass which, especially in the lone hours of Saturday night, followed it.

AFTER the priest has vested, he comes to the sanctuary and, standing at the foot of the altar-steps, he recites certain prayers as a private preparation for his great liturgical office. These forms were fixed in their present state in the Roman Mass only in the sixteenth century. First the priest says alternately with the servers portions of a touching ballad written by a Jew in exile, far from the temple and its

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service. Like this pious poet, the priest here expresses his longing to serve God aright, with the enthusiasm of his first priestly ministrations.

The celebrant begins with the sign of the cross: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Antiphon—Celebrant: I shall go in to the altar of God—

Server: To the God who was the joy of my youth.

Psalm — C.: Give judgment for me, O God,
And decide my case against an unholy people!
Rescue me from the godless and treacherous!

S.: For Thou art my strength!

Why has Thou forsaken me?

And why must I go about in sadness,
Humiliated by my enemy?

C.: O send forth thy Light and thy Truth
That they may lead me—
That they may guide me to Thy holy mountain
And to thy dwelling-house!

S.: That I may go in to the altar of God—
To the God who was the joy of my youth!

C.: That I may praise thee with the harp,
O God, my God!—

My soul, why are you sad,
And why do you trouble me?

S.: Put your trust in the Lord, for even yet I shall praise him,
The rescuer I look for, and my God!

Doxology—C.: Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost!

S.: As it was in the beginning, so may it be now and forever,
world without end!

Antiphon—C.: I shall go in to the altar of God—

S.: To the God who was the joy of my youth.

Versicle—C.: Our help is in the name of the Lord,

Response—S.: Who made heaven and earth!

Then the priest bows low, as though beneath the load of his guilt, and acknowledges his offences and pleads for forgiveness. The server in his turn makes the same humble confession. A few more versicles and responses and the priest mounts the steps, kisses the altar stone wherein are set the relics of martyrs, and turns to begin the reading of the *Introit* which was meanwhile being sung by the choir.

If we may trust the accuracy of the *Pontifical Book*, it was Pope Celestine I (422-432) who "arranged that before the sacrifice the one-hundred and fifty Psalms should be chanted antiphonally by all." The *Introit* was originally a processional chant designed for occupying time while the officials of the Mass passed into the Church and up the aisle.

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A document of about St. Gregory's time — the sixth century — tells us that after the lighting of the candles, the choir enters and stands in the sanctuary on either side, and the leader begins the "antiphon" for the entrance of the celebrant and his ministers. The *Introit* is still an "entrance" song, for, as the *Roman Gradual* directs, the "chanters begin the antiphon of the *Introit* just as the priest goes to the altar."

The piece is sung according to an arrangement styled "antiphonal song." Antiphonal singing arose in a section of the Persian church in the fourth century. The plan was to divide the congregation into two half-choirs, one of men, the other of women and children, each section delivering a verse of the psalm. After two verses, one by each choir, both united in singing a refrain. With some changes this form was adopted at Rome and survives in the *Introit* with the following arrangement of parts:

Antiphon: *First words sung by the chanter or chanters, the remainder by the choir.*

Psalm (one verse): *One-half sung by the chanters, the other half by the choir.*

Doxological verse: *Same.*

Antiphon: *Repeated by full choir.*

It is not without interest to note the historical references in some of the passages chosen as antiphons. Thus the *Introit* for the fourth Sunday of Lent, with its "Rejoice, Jerusalem," makes a graceful allusion to the Roman basilica of Sancta Croce "in Jerusalem" where the Pope said Mass on this day.

AFTER the antiphon of the *Introit* has been repeated, the chanters take up the melody of the supplication, *Kyrie eleison*. This choral piece seems to have been sung originally as a sort of litany between chanters and congregation. It may even have been the forerunner of the *Introit* as a processional chant, as is still the case in that most ancient observance, the Mass on Holy Saturday. When in the fourth century the liturgical texts were translated from the Greek, which had formerly been in use, into Latin, this litany or supplication was retained unaltered. Its present form and mold is undoubtedly the work of St. Gregory the Great. The acclamation *Kyrie eleison*, "Lord, have mercy," is sung three times; then follows a threefold *Christe eleison*, "Christ, have mercy" — these words added by St. Gregory himself, — and

finally, the *Kyrie eleison* is again repeated three times. Thus the cry with its triplets received a Trinitarian significance.

The strains of the supplication finished, the celebrant on certain days intones the beautiful angelic hymn, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. This is undoubtedly one of the oldest chants — an ancient Greek morning hymn. Its origins reach back to the very beginnings of Christian literature. With its rhythmic harmony — perceptible even in the Latin version — and its modulated phrases that seem to answer one another like surges of a mighty sea, it is indeed a sublime song of praise, an angelic hymn in more senses than one. The oldest melody to which it was sung betrays a strong likeness to the melodies of the synagog chants. Our present text is found in a ninth century manuscript, a collection of liturgical prayers called *The Psalter of Wolfcoz*, a monk of St. Gall monastery. But variants in both Greek and Latin are found as early as the time of St. Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria in the fourth century, who recommended it as a morning prayer. And truly the underlying theological conceptions are primitive, for the phrases suggest an unawareness of any Arian controversy, when our Lord's divinity was called into question.

"O Lord, only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ!

O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father!

Thou who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!

Thou who takest away the sins of the world, accept our pleading! . . ."

About the beginning of the sixth century Pope Symmachus ordered the use of this hymn on Sundays and on the feasts of martyrs. It is sung either by the people or by the choir or by both in turn.

AT THE end of the *Gloria* (or, if the *Gloria* is not sung, immediately after the *Kyrie*) the priest kisses the altar, turns to the people with arms extended, and greets them: "The Lord be with you." They answer: "And with you too." That simple prayer, which marks an invitation to the congregation to take an active part in the service, is not a mere wish; it is an actual imparting of Christ from the Altar. And the answer, with its quaint touch of parallelism that betrays its semitic origin, indicates the willingness of the congregation to unite its voice with the voice at the altar in humble prayer before the divine majesty.

After the greeting the priest goes to the Epistle side of the altar —

that is, the side to the right of the congregation, and again extending his hands he chants, "Let us pray," and continues with a prayer. The prayer is the "collect." or more correctly (to follow the ancient terminology) the prayer "at the collect" for this word comes from a late Latin term meaning gathering. Of old this prayer was said at the church of assembly where the people gathered before beginning the procession to the stational church. Later, when these meetings were abandoned, the chanting of this prayer with much of the other ceremonial was transferred to the stational church itself.

The character of these prayers of the Roman liturgy has received high praise; they are always short, precise, of a rounded scholarly rhythm. For loftiness of conception and force of expression they merit a place amongst the first compositions of the Latin church. The melodies to which the priest chants these prayers are an inflected monotone, with little changes of note to bring out the rhythmic structure of the piece.

After these prayers there follow what at one time were the most conspicuous part of this section of the Mass, the instructional readings. At present the collect prayers are followed by the reading of the "Epistle" and the "Gospel"; formerly there were three readings, one from the Old Testament, called the "Prophecy," and two from the New Testament, the "Apostle" — readings from the Acts, the Epistles, or the book of Apocalypse — and the "Gospel." The liturgy of Good Friday still retains this old order of things. These readings gave much room for elaborate ceremonial — an opportunity used to full advantage in some oriental rites where gorgeous processions precede the readings. Even the more staid Romans emphasized the importance of these instructions by a dramatic gradation of honors; each reading was performed by a different cleric at a different spot in the sanctuary. The old church of St. Clemente preserves the ancient arrangement of the furniture of worship. In front, near the sanctuary rail, is a low bookstand for the Prophecy. Back of this and a bit to the right of the congregation stands a raised ambo or reading desk for the chanting of the Apostle, and opposite it a higher and more ornate ambo for the Gospel.

Of the three readings the modern Roman Mass ordinarily retains only two: the first, now usually called the "Epistle," is taken usually from the New Testament, rarely from the Old; the second is always from one of the four Gospels.

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A careful perusal of the missal will disclose how regular and systematic was the course of readings, following a plan that dates back to dim antiquity. When this older order is broken into, it is easy to identify the occasional character of the Mass in which it occurs. As is the case with the Introits, the Readings also contain noteworthy allusions to contemporary affairs. On the feast of the patron saint of Ravenna, St. Apollinaris — to cite but one instance — St. Peter's letter with its warning to the bishops about "lording it over their charges" was intended as a rebuke to the metropolitans of Ravenna who held sway over their suffragans in rather domineering fashion.

PLACED in between the Epistle and the Gospel is the singing of several psalmodic chants intended to break the monotony — a custom borrowed, no doubt, from the practices of the synagog. When, as was usual before the sixth century, there were three readings, two psalms were sung, one before the Epistle, one before the Gospel. Now that the third reading is dropped, both psalms, in shortened form, are sung before the Gospel. They are the *Gradual* and the *Alleluia* respond (for which a *Tract* is sometimes substituted).

The modern method of singing the first of these Psalm verses, the *Gradual*, may be outlined thus:

Responsory or refrain: *First word or two sung by a chanter or two, the remainder by the choir.*

Psalm verse: *Intoned by the chanters and finished by the choir.*

Responsory: *Repeated by all.*

This alternation of solo and refrain is called Responsorial chant. We read in the *Apostolic Constitutions*, "When the readings of the lector are finished, let someone sing the hymns of David, and the people sing the last words after him." Later on, when the refrain became too elaborate the singing was reserved entirely to the skilled choir. The soloists used to stand on the step, *gradus*, of the pulpit from which the Reading was done, and so the name "Gradual" came later to be applied to the composition.

The joyous form of the *Alleluia* respond is a definite heritage from the *Hallel* psalms such as our Lord sang after the Last Supper. According to St. Gregory this type of melody, wherein the refrain is on the last "a" of the *Alleluia*, was borrowed from the east by Pope Damasus, who at the instance of St. Jerome caused it to be sung at Rome on all

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Sundays of the year except in Lent. St. Gregory himself added the verse, not always taken from the Psalms or even from the Bible. This verse was sung by a soloist. The close of the verse took up the melody of the first Alleluia, which was then repeated by the whole choir. The form, then, is this:

Alleluia: *Intoned by one chanter.*

Alleluia: *Repeated by the choir who continue the long jubilus on the final "a".*

Verse: *Sung by soloist or chanters.*

Alleluia: *Sung by full choir.*

There remains the *Tract* which from Septuagesima till Easter takes the place of the *Alleluia*. It too is a psalm, but is sung straight through without any refrain or responsory. Hence its name, from the Latin expression "*tractum*" meaning "continuous." This is the oldest method of psalmodic chant, and before the adoption of the *Alleluia*, it was the characteristic way of singing the second of the psalms between the readings. The melodies even now retain a certain simplicity and ruggedness which betray their antiquity — perhaps the oldest melodies in our possession.

Of the *Sequences* I can, for lack of space, say only a word. There are but five sequences now, since Pius V suppressed a host of others. The sequences had a rather curious origin — were built up on the long melody of the Alleluia. Of the many verses thus composed, the five that remain in liturgical service are: the *Victimae Paschali* for Easter, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* for Whitsunday, the *Lauda Sion* for Corpus Christi, the *Stabat Mater* for our Lady of Sorrows, and the *Dies Irae* for Masses for the Dead.

WHILE THE choir is busy with these chants, the priest goes to the center of the altar, and bowing low before the cross he asks God to bless him that he may venture with more courage to read the holy Gospel which follows. Of the Gospel little more need be said. In this connection, however, may be mentioned a curious custom that lasted through the Middle Ages. On Christmas, at the midnight Mass, the emperor, vested in surplice and stole, entered the sanctuary and sang the Gospel: "A decree went out from Caesar Augustus."

Next the homily or sermon. This intrusion of the vernacular may seem a bit odd, and since Protestants think so highly of preaching, you

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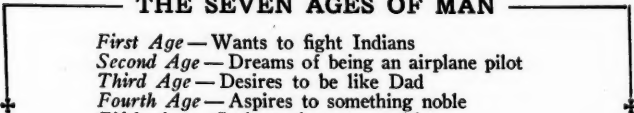
might be led to consider this sermonizing a modern addition to the service. On the contrary it is one of the oldest of Christian customs. The beautiful sermons of the Golden-mouthed orator of Constantinople were delivered at Mass, and the homilies we possess of such Popes as Leo I and Gregory I. Already in the time of the Apostles the sermon was a part of the liturgy. In his biographical sketch, *The Acts of the Apostles*, St. Luke tells that while St. Paul was staying at the seaport town of Troas, he preached to the people in the assembly room where they were gathered to break bread, and during the long sermon a youngster who was sitting on a window-sill got drowsy and fell down.

Nowadays the Fore-Mass often (and always on Sundays) ends with the singing of the *Credo* or profession of faith. Though so obviously appropriate, the practice was nevertheless not introduced into the Roman Mass liturgy until comparatively recent times. Berno, abbot of Reichenau, who accompanied the Emperor St. Henry to Rome on the occasion of the coronation of Benedict VIII, in 1014, recounts how astonished the monarch was to learn that the Creed was not sung at Mass as he was wont to hear it in Germany. The Pope, in deference to the wishes of the sainted ruler, adopted the practice, though not for every day.

Like the *Gloria*, the Creed is sung not by the choir but by the people, or by both alternately. A fine old tune, simple but strong, called the "authentic melody" in the *Roman Gradual*, dates back to the eighth century, and possibly earlier.

With this singing of the Creed, like a summing up and profession of that faith which has been taught through the readings and the sermon, the Fore-Mass comes to an end.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

- 
- First Age* — Wants to fight Indians
 - Second Age* — Dreams of being an airplane pilot
 - Third Age* — Desires to be like Dad
 - Fourth Age* — Aspires to something noble
 - Fifth Age* — Seeks to become wealthy
 - Sixth Age* — Tries to make both ends meet
 - Seventh Age* — Satisfied to get an old-age pension

SUMMONED AT NOON

SANCTITY AMONG OUR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

PIER GIORGIO FRASSATI: A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

Aug. T. Zeller, C.Sa.R.

PIER GIORGIO HIMSELF

Let me describe him in the words of one who knew him. "His well-knit figure and finely moulded hands, feet and shoulders, bronzed by the sun, reminded one of the Apollo Belvedere. But he had not the feminine features of the statue. His nose was slightly aquiline, his pronounced chin and square jaw indicated plenty of will and power. His large, soft brown eyes would light up suddenly with inward amusement, but at times could become hard and stern, expressive of an inflexible will."

It is this that makes Father Martindale, S. J., write: "Is it materialistic to be grateful that Pier Giorgio Frassati was physically strong, a fine mountaineer, and good looking? I do not think so. In fact it is a refutation of our modern materialism. For those who are materialists, or having determined to act as if they were and so must possess a theory to justify themselves, will say one of these things: either that there is no spiritual soul in man; or that it cannot control a strong and healthy body; or that it is unwholesome to attempt to do so. Hence if we allude to one whose mind and will do so control him, they readily say that he must be a weakling, have no red blood in him, and so forth. Both Protestantism and Modernism are, in the last resort, materialistic; and it is always their tendency to describe the spiritual and fully religious life as a crippled one, which thrives only in inferior constitutions, or actually causes the body to deteriorate. It is true that the soul should always maintain its primacy, even at the expense of the body; but here at any rate we find a young man, a true athlete, of a most ardent temperament, of extreme sociability, who managed himself thoroughly well through the most difficult years, by no means ignorant of the enjoyments that circumstances made possible."

He was fond of all kinds of sport: a good horseman, swimmer,

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an expert skier, a splendid mountaineer — showing unusual strength and endurance in everything. All agree that he brought into their company a feeling of kindness and good spirits, because he united in himself deep spirituality with any amount of fun and life.

Never, however, did he make sport an end in itself. Thus, because of his financial situation, his splendid physical condition, and his love for mountaineering, he could easily have joined some smart, exclusive Alpineering Club and without difficulty could have achieved notoriety as a climber. Instead of this, however, he chose to remain in the more modest field of climbers, so that he might be able to help others in the enjoyment of this sport.

On such trips he was always anxious if he had a warmer room in the mountain inns to give it up to anyone who seemed in more need than he did. He sympathized with and tried to hide the physical weakness of others. If he noticed anyone of the party struggling on in spite of weariness, he would make an excuse to stop to readjust a shoe or a knapsack, and thus give the others a chance to rest and then he would give them a helping hand. In the morning he was always the first one up and would wake the rest so they could go to Mass with him. One thing all noticed: full of fun as he was, he never uttered a word which could hurt the feelings of anyone present or absent and never laid himself open to the slightest breath of criticism on the score of morality.

HIS FAITH

IF WE look for the key of Pier Giorgio's whole life, I think we might find it in his Faith, — which was a living thing, inspiring every action and giving to his life that heroism of little daily duties well-done from morning to night. On February 27, 1925, he wrote to a friend:

"My life is a monotonous one, but I realize better every day how fortunate I am to be a Catholic. How dreary is the lot of those who have no faith! A life devoid of idealism, in which one is not obliged to fight a continuous battle for the sake of truth, is no life at all. And we ought not to allow ourselves simply to drift along, but should live our lives vigorously. Each disappointment we meet with, should merely stiffen us in the battle for truth. Let us therefore avoid all moodiness and depression, which can last only if we have lost trust in God. In this holy season of Lent let us be open-hearted and full of courage, keeping ever before our eyes as a first goal the triumph in society of the Kingdom of Christ."

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Faith was not a gift for selfish enjoyment to him; it was something necessarily to be made of service to others. That is why a friend of his could thus describe him:

"Pier Giorgio did not do anything remarkable or rather, he did the most remarkable thing possible. He reached a high degree of spiritual perfection in that walk of life to which he was called by God. Without any showy display of heroism he was ready to face fearlessly the various critical situations in which he was sometimes placed. With a straightforward, honest look in his eyes, he was ready by dint of continuous, systematic self-denial, to give, to help, to render service to others."

SOURCES OF STRENGTH

If again, we look for the sources whence he drew the strength needed for this steady and unfaltering fidelity to the ideal of Faith, we find many. Indeed, he neglected none.

At the university he joined the Catholic Students' Societies; he became a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; he had a great and tender devotion to Mary; he set a high value on prayer; he joined the Third Order of St. Dominic. But perhaps the real explanation of all lies in his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

It was some years before he went to the University that the "revelation of the Holy Eucharist" came to him. His spiritual director, Father Lombardo, S.J., tells about it:

"When I first met him I was struck by the eagerness with which he accepted my advice to receive Holy Communion frequently. He began by receiving the Sacrament several times a week, with such fervor as to astonish and almost alarm his mother. She thought that he did not reflect sufficiently on what he was doing. I reassured her. Soon she was gratified to notice the results in the increasing goodness of her boy. After a while he became a daily communicant, and remained so till the day of his death. It was the powerful action of the Holy Eucharist — so far as I am able to judge — which moulded his character on lines of such deep and simple piety as to become later a magnificent example for others to follow."

Pier Giorgio was the most logical of characters; having once realized the value of daily Communion, he never abandoned it. Whether he happened to be in the city or the country, at the university or at home,

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on mountain-climbs during vacation or during the school year — his day always began with Christ in his heart.

It was this love for Our Sacramental Lord that made him seize every chance to serve at Mass. A witness thus describes him:

"I noticed something peculiar about his attitude of prayer when serving Mass. Simple and straightforward in every act, he avoided all exaggerated gestures. The tone of his voice however invited one to reflect. One realized from his clear, strong responses that he was not merely replying to the prayers, but he was also following them and meditating on them. And even more I felt in the tone of his voice an invitation to concentrate my attention and try to understand better than I had ever done before the beauty of those words with which I had been familiar since childhood."

And is not this significant of his devotion? He was at a night vigil at the Cathedral of Turin, as a student at the university (and he never missed these if he could help it). The vigil ended with Communion and Mass. A fellow student writes:

"During the thanksgiving Mass afterwards one of these students, Pier Giorgio Frascati, was kneeling close to the High Altar. I remember him so wrapped in prayer that more than once we had to suggest to him that he should alter his position, as big drops from the candles were falling on to his clothes, hair and forehead."

Msgr. Pinardi, the Auxiliary Bishop of Turin, tells this incident. . . . The night watch of adoration at the Church of San Secondo was just going to begin, when Pier Giorgio entered the sacristy, dressed for a mountaineering trip.

"Monsignor," he said, "I am going away for three days and shall spend my carnival amongst the snows."

"When are you starting," asked the Monsignor.

"Early tomorrow morning, and I want to spend the night here before Our Lord. After the midnight Mass and Communion, I shall catch the first train for the mountains."

A former fellow-student of Pier Giorgio's at the university, talking to Msgr. Pinardi one day about him, asked:

"How was he able while living in the midst of a corrupt and evil world, to become such a shining example of Christian virtue? What was it that gave him strength? How did he discover the way?"

"The answer is an easy and simple one," replied the Monsignor.

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"He did not rely on his own strength, but fixed his gaze in a heavenward direction. He made the Eucharist the center of his life."

AT THE UNIVERSITY

Dr. Gemelli, Rector of the Catholic University of Milan, thus describes the Italian universities in 1890:

"Those were years when in Italian Government Schools the spirit of Positivism and Darwinism remained unchallenged. The idea of a Supreme Being was still denied the right of entry into Italian universities and secondary schools. If in the elementary schools a small portion of time was still devoted to catechetical instruction, in the higher grade schools irreligious and anti-clerical propaganda was openly carried on."

After the war, when Pier Giorgio in 1919, enrolled as a student at the University of Turin, things were not much better. But a new element had come into Italian life. Socialist political agitation amongst the working-classes was spreading rapidly, creating a period of unrest. On all sides opportunities for social work became evident and daily called for individual acts of kindness. Pier Giorgio was not blind and deaf to them; this appealed to his active unselfish nature. He sought means and ways of becoming, not a nominal, but an enthusiastic member of the various Catholic organizations for social work.

First he joined the "Fuci" (Federazione Universitana Catholica Italiana) or Catholic University Students Organization in Italy. Young men and young women, who would be future leaders, belonged to it. Its purpose was originally to safeguard the faith of students coming to the State Universities from Christian-minded homes. Later they branched out into social work. The following account gives us an idea of Pier Giorgio at this time:

"I first came across him in the winter of 1921 in one of the class rooms of the University of Turin. At that time I was a nominal Catholic whose religious education had been interrupted by leaving the country to come into the town, and who took more interest in the speeches of a member of Parliament than in those of a Bishop. When talking to a fellow-student at the University of Catania, it came out one day, that I had never even heard of the "Sermon on the Mount." . . .

"Frassati, strong, full of life and happiness, on good terms with everyone, made a great impression on me. His life was a better one than mine; therefore, I thought, *he must be right*. Seeing him I felt

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I understood better what a real Christian youth should be like, one for whom faith is the very essence of life. In him I saw the ardent joy of the soldier keen to enter the battlefield. Sometimes when I heard him speak so enthusiastically, I felt miserable at not being like him. Finally one evening in March, 1922, I made up my mind to join the *Cesar Balbo Club* (the branch of the Fuci to which he belonged)."

Pier Giorgio loved the club because he found in it a group of friends who formed for him a second family. He was convinced that each student had something both to give and to receive from such a union. He grasped and with his natural logic accepted the truth: the amount of good done by an organization depends more on the character and willingness of the individual members than on the excellence of its statutes. That is why he was most regular in attendance at meetings, always did his share of the work, took part in all discussions with live interest — always without ostentation or false modesty.

ARRESTED!

He also joined the "Gioventù Cattolica Italiana"—the Catholic Youth of Italy; and it was on the occasion of the celebration of its 50th anniversary in Rome that Pier Giorgio displayed real heroism. The Catholic Youths to the number of 50,000 gathered in the Colosseum for Mass and Communion — only to find themselves surrounded by troops. They were told that the permission to hold this meeting was withdrawn. Since they were fasting, in the expectation of receiving Holy Communion, they marched to St. Peter's, heard Mass and received Communion there. Thence they marched to the monument of the Unknown Soldier — only to find themselves again stopped by the police. A large number of these boys had themselves fought in the World War and they resented being forbidden to pay their tribute to the Unknown Soldier.

The police could not stop 50,000 young people. The enormous pressure forced a passage through them. But mounted horseguards came up and swung their swords, cutting many a lad. Pier Giorgio was in the very midst, holding aloft the tri-color flag of the *Cesar Balbo Club*. Suddenly about two hundred policemen drove into the crowd of young men and with shouts of: "On to them with muskets; take away their flag."

But they reckoned with the wrong person there. Pier Giorgio held on with might and main. The pole broke, he still clung to it; the flag

was torn to tatters, but he would not let go. Finally the group with Pier Giorgio was surrounded by policemen and pushed into a courtyard. There one of the policemen began to jot down the names of those under arrest.

"What is your name?"

"Pier Giorgio Frassati."

"Son of ——?"

"Alfredo Frassati."

"Your father's occupation?"

"Italian Ambassador to Berlin."

The policeman gasped and immediately changed his tone, offering to let him go free. But Pier replied stoutly:

"I will go when the others are set free."

Next day the students from Turin marched to St. Peter's and Pier Giorgio carried the tattered flag, with a sign on it:

"Tri-color torn to pieces by order of the Italian Government."

Here, to give his father's occupation meant service to his comrades and he gave it. On another occasion, however, when someone marvelled because he spoke German so fluently, he said:

"Oh, I learned German because I lived in Germany for a while; my father has a job now in Berlin."

In 1921 he took a great share in preparing the Second International Congress of the Pax Romana at Ravenna. It brought together students from all parts of the world. Maria Fischer, a student of the University of Vienna and one of the most active workers at the Congress, thus gives her impression of Pier Giorgio:

"When we arrived at Ravenna towards the end of August, 1921, Pier Giorgio was one of those who welcomed us most cordially. We did not understand much Italian, but he spoke German fairly well. Thus we were often together and he finally became our constant guide. He was very kind to us and most eager to forestall our wishes. From our first meeting with him we began to admire his simple and unaffected piety. I believe he was one of those men who have a real spirit of piety, as the spirit of Jesus Christ plainly permeated his whole being."



Laziness is a heavy burden. — *Irish proverb.*

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

In these circumstances, Venerable Brethren, you can readily appreciate the grief We feel at seeing that, especially in certain countries, large numbers of Our sons have been deserters from the Church and have gone over to the ranks of Socialism; — although We are quite sure they have not lost the faith, nor wavered in their own good will. Still, some of them are willing to be known by all as Socialists, and even openly profess the Socialistic creed; while others, in a spirit of despair or recklessness, or perhaps almost despite themselves, have joined organizations that are avowedly or practically Socialistic.

**Catholic
Deserters
to Socialism:
The Fact**

Anxiously We ponder, in our fatherly concern, and strive to find the reason why they could have gone so far astray. And from their lips We seem to hear this answer. The Church, they say, and those who claim to be good church members, favor the rich, and neglect and disregard the poor; and so we have been forced, practically in self-defense, to join and swell the ranks of Socialism.

**Alleged
Reason**

Venerable Brethren, this is a crying shame. To think that people posing to the world as Catholic could have been guilty, and could continue guilty still today, of almost total ignorance of that lofty law of justice and of charity by which we all are bound not merely to give everyone his due, but actually to make ourselves as helpful to our needy brethren as we would wish to be to Christ the Lord Himself! And what an added crime when in their greed for profits they shrink not from making toiling slaves of workingmen! Aye, and what of those who hide behind religion like a shield, abusing it as something to repel pleas made in the simplest justice by the workingmen! Never shall We fail to brand such conduct as a grievous sin. These people are the reason why the Church herself has undeservedly been painted and denounced as friendly to the rich, and cold and haughty to the needs and troubles of those who have been so to speak excluded from their natural heritage. Her entire history most clearly shows how undeserved, how unjust, are such pictures and denunciations. The very Encyclical which we are honoring by this anniversary celebration, is evidence proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that these attacks upon the Church and on her teaching are only an outrageous libel of the very grossest kind.

**True
Reason**

Far from Our heart, however, is any inclination to show Ourselves offended by Our poor deserters, or saddened by a father's heavy grief. Far, indeed, from casting off Our poor, misguided prodigals, lost and astray so far from salvation and the truth, We have no desire but to invite them with a world of kindness to return to the embrace of Holy Mother Church. God grant that they give ear to Our voice! God grant that to their father's house, whence they have departed, thither they return; return to stay where they belong, — in the ranks of those who are whole-heartedly intent on realizing the ideals which were set up by Leo XIII, and now are urged anew by Us with all solemnity; and are striving, as the church directs, for the recon-

**Invitation
to Return**

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struction of society upon social justice and social charity as the great foundation stones. Let them be sure that nowhere in the world will they find greater happiness than close to Him Who, being rich, became poor for our sakes, that through His poverty we might be rich. For He was poor and in labors from His youth. He invites all that labor and are heavy laden to come to Him, that He may perfectly refresh them with His heart's love. And finally, it is He Who will without the least respect of persons require more of those to whomsoever much was given, and "will render to every man according to his works."

QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

Speaking of Catholic deserters to Socialism, what does Pius XI do?

Four things: *first*, states the fact that Catholic workingmen actually have gone over to Socialism; *secondly*, gives the reason they allege for this; *thirdly*, gives the true reason; and *fourthly*, invites the poor deserters to return from Socialism to the Church.

What does Pius XI mean here by Socialism?

He does not mean only "the more moderate section, still called Socialism," but, as is evident from the context, he means any Communistic or Socialistic group which Catholic workingmen may have joined.

What is noteworthy about the Pope's statement of the fact?

Three things: *first*, his reference to "some countries"; *secondly*, his belief that these deserters "have not lost the faith"; and *thirdly*, his reference to "organizations which are avowedly or practically Socialistic."

What are "some countries" referred to?

At the time "The Fortieth Year" was written, 1931, they were especially Austria, Germany, and Spain.

How could the workers go over to Communism if they "have not lost the faith"?

The Pope himself explains this in the next paragraph, where he gives the reason alleged by these deserters.

What is an organization which is "avowedly or practically Socialistic"?

It is *avowedly* Socialistic if it openly *professes* or *avows* Socialistic or Communistic aims and policies; it is *practically* Socialistic if the actions of its responsible members and heads reveal in *practice* that its aims and policies are Socialistic.

Is the organization of the Committee for Industrial Organization—the C.I.O.—avowedly or practically Socialistic?

As far as its responsible members or heads are concerned, it is neither avowedly nor practically Socialistic. This is evident, as far as Catholic authorities are concerned, from 1) the Coughlin-Mooney incident; and 2) the statement issued on November 27, 1937, by the American Bishops and constitute the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

What are the points of the Coughlin-Mooney incident which touch the C.I.O.?

They are three: *first*, Father Coughlin's statement of Oct. 5, 1937, that he could not advise Catholics to join the C.I.O., for the reason that it would be the same as "to advocate Catholics joining the Mohammedan Church"; *secondly*, the correction made by his Superior, Archbishop Mooney of Detroit, on Oct. 7, 1937, in which he said, among other things, that this mention by Father Coughlin of the Mohammedan Church was "an analogy which might leave with the ordinary reader the impression that there is a basic opposition in principle between the

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Catholic Church and the C.I.O., just as there is, for instance, between Catholicity and Mohammedanism. Catholicity and Mohammedanism are incompatible on the basis of clearly stated fundamental principles of both. Catholicity and Communism are incompatible on the same basis; but no Catholic Church authority has ever asserted that the C.I.O. is incompatible with Catholicity on the basis of its publicly stated principles—though it is undoubtedly true that there are Communists in the C.I.O. who are making every effort to gain control of the organization for Communistic purposes, and it is the conscientious duty of Catholics in the C.I.O. relentlessly to oppose these efforts." And the *third* point is the decision given by the Holy See on Nov. 21, 1937, after a good deal of public agitation: "The Holy See regards as just and timely the correction which the Archbishop of Detroit made in reference to the remarks of Father Coughlin published on Oct. 5."

Just how does all this relate to the C.I.O.?

Father Coughlin had at least implied that the Catholic Church stood to the C.I.O. as the Catholic Church stands to Mohammedanism; Archbishop Mooney stated that no competent Church authority has made a pronouncement to this effect; and the Holy See declared that this statement by Archbishop Mooney was "just and timely,"—i.e., no competent Church authority has made such a pronouncement.

What is the statement issued by the Bishops constituting the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference?

About the time the statement was made, committees representing the C.I.O. on the one hand, and the American Federation of Labor on the other, were meeting in an effort to bridge over the differences which had arisen between the two groups. On this point the statement is worded as follows: "It is deplorable that in our country an internecine conflict has broken out between two large organized bodies of workers. Continuance of the struggle can mean only increased suffering and hardship for workers themselves. It is gratifying that conferences looking to conciliation have been initiated; and for the well-being of workers, employers, and the entire people, it is earnestly to be desired that these conferences will continue in a spirit of give and take, thereby providing the basis for harmony and lasting peace."

What is significant about this statement?

The fact that it puts the C.I.O. on the same basis as the A.F.L., and evidently considers neither of them subversive or Communistic.

But "practically," in its policy of promoting the sit-down strike, is not the C.I.O. Communistic?

The sit-down strike, it is alleged, was first used by Communists in France; but it is not logical to say that its mere use by Communists makes it Communistic.

But in its very nature, does not the sit-down strike violate the Seventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal"?

If the conditions for any just strike are present, the sit-down strike does not in itself violate the Seventh Commandment; i.e., it is not *intrinsically* wrong.

What are the conditions for any just strike?

Note that no Pope has ever condemned the just strike; and Leo XIII, in *Rerum Novarum*, n. 31, and n. 34, indicates what are the conditions for any just strike, namely: 1) hours of labor too long, work too hard, or insufficient wages; 2) the State has failed to do its duty of legislating for wages, hours, etc.; and 3) peaceful arbitration, etc., has failed to remedy the evils.

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How can the Seventh Commandment be violated in general?

In three ways: *first*, by *stealing*: i.e., taking possession of another's property with a mind to make it one's own; *secondly*, by *unjustly damaging* another's property; and *thirdly*, by *unjustly preventing another from profiting* by his property.

Does the sit-down strike come under any of these violations?

First, it is not stealing: for the sit-down strike is taking possession of a factory, not with a mind to make it one's own, but with a mind to prevent the owner from making profits out of it; *secondly*, it is not *unjustly damaging*: for the sit-down strike is calculated to protect rather than to damage property; and *thirdly*, it is indeed preventing the employer from getting profits out of his factory, but *such prevention may be justified*; in that case, the sit-down strike does not fail intrinsically against the Seventh Commandment.

How may such prevention be justified?

Profits that are made out of a factory by unjust means,—such as by imposing excessively long hours or hard labor on the employees, or by paying them less than a living wage,—are unjust profits and the *prevention of such sinful profit-making is not against the Seventh Commandment*. In fact, it is a sin for the workingmen to co-operate in this sinful profit-making by accepting work in such a factory, unless they can find nothing else to do for their living.

But is it not the business of the State to prevent such exploitation of the worker?

By all means; Leo XIII says in "Rerum Novarum," n. 31: "The laws should be beforehand . . . they should lend their influence and authority to the removal in good time of the causes which lead to conflicts between employers and employed." But he also indicates that if the State fails to pass such laws regulating hours and wages, etc., and the employers continue to exploit the workingmen for the sake of profits, then the workingmen are not to be condemned for trying themselves to prevent such profits by going on strike.

May the State pass laws forbidding or "outlawing" the sit-down strike?

The sit-down strike is a weapon in the hands of the workingmen which may be compared to a revolver carried by an individual citizen as a means of self-protection; neither is intrinsically wrong; but if the State has provided adequate police protection for the individual it may "outlaw" the carrying of "concealed weapons" because of the evils connected with it; so too, if the State has provided adequate legislation for the safeguarding of the wages, hours, and conditions of labor, it may outlaw the sit-down strike because of the evils connected with it.

Should Catholics maintain an attitude of suspicion and aloofness from the C.I.O. because some Communists are members of the C.I.O.?

The future control of the C.I.O. is at least to some extent a matter of contest between Communists and the better elements of the population; Catholics must "relentlessly oppose" these efforts of Communists, as Archbishop Mooney said; and the best way so to oppose them is actively to give the C.I.O. the benefit of Catholic principles and co-operation; if Catholics and other good citizens do not throw their active support to the C.I.O. in an effort to make it an instrument in the "reconstruction of the social order," there is danger that the Communists will take it over as an instrument for the *destruction of society*; a destruction for which the "blind heedlessness" of Catholics will be to some extent responsible.

Should Catholics condemn an organization like the C.I.O. because they know personally of cases of graft among the members or organisers?

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No; for abuses in an organization do not make the organization itself bad; and the inactivity of good people who just sit back and condemn is one reason why there is so much graft in the world.

What is the reason which Catholic workingmen allege for deserting to Socialism?

According to the Pope it is this: the Church and leading church-members, i.e., rich and prominent Catholic employers, and also, no doubt, Catholic leaders and politicians—show so much favor to the rich and so much suspicion, coldness, aloofness, contempt to the poor that the poor workingman has only one thing to do if he does not want to become a hopeless pauper and outcast, namely, to go over to the Communists who promise to make the world all over for him.

What is noteworthy about this alleged reason as given by the Pope?

Two things; *first*, the Pope does not say that the Communists make these charges against the Church and church-members (although Communists do make them very often), but that they are the honest reasons given by misguided Catholic workingmen; and *secondly*, (as is evident from the Pope's words in the next paragraph) that while the charge is false as far as the Church herself is concerned, still, as regards the alleged "good church-members," it has a very decided foundation in fact.

Giving the true reason why Catholic workingmen go over to Socialism, what does the Pope do?

In brief, the true reason is the conduct of some alleged "good church-members," but not that of the Church herself: in treating this the Pope does three things: *first*, describes the "grievous sins" of these alleged good church-members; *secondly*, condemns it as the true reason why the poor are driven to Socialism; and *thirdly*, justifies the Church against these charges.

What are the "grievous sins" described by the Pope?

The Pope enumerates three kinds of sins or crimes: *first*, against justice and charity in general; *secondly*, the sin of exploiting the laboring man for the sake of profits; and *thirdly*, the crime of appealing to religion for the justification of sins against the workingmen.

How do the rich appeal to religion in this way?

For instance, by citing Scripture or Papal Encyclicals to show the workingman that he should be "content with his pay," etc., etc.

What is noteworthy about the Pope's condemnation of these sins of the rich?

The stern and absolute manner of its wording, as contrasted with the kindness of the "invitation to return" which he addresses to the workingmen.

What is the "natural heritage" spoken of by the Pope?

He is referring to an expression used in European countries to describe the propertyless poor, namely, "the disinherited." The basis of this expression is the fact, which is also Catholic teaching, that every man and woman in the world has a right to a share in the material things of the world as his "natural heritage."

In justifying the Church what does Pius XI do?

He cites, *first*, her entire history; and *secondly*, Leo XIII's "Rerum Novarum" in particular, as refutations of the charge that she favors the rich and neglects the poor.

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How is the entire history of the Church a refutation of this charge?

In the days of the Apostles, the order of Deacons was established precisely to care for the poor; in the days of the *Persecutions*, when the Romans asked for the Christian treasures, St. Lawrence the Martyr brought them the poor as the Church's treasures; in the *Middle Ages*, every monastery, every diocese, every priest had to set aside one-third of their excess revenues for the poor — this being known as the "patrimony of the poor"; throughout her history she has favored the foundation of religious orders of men and women to help the poor — such as the Sisters of Charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Salesian Fathers and their work for poor boys, etc., etc.; also, societies of laymen like the St. Vincent de Paul Society, etc.

How is the "Rerum Novarum" itself a refutation of these charges?

Leo XIII demands at the very outset of "Rerum Novarum," that "some remedy be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor;" he says that the Church's desire is that "the poor especially rise above poverty and wretchedness, and better their condition in life"; he says that the State should favor the poor preferably to the rich, for the reason that "the richer class have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State"; if employers will not do so otherwise, he says that the State must pass wage and hour laws, etc., and that "the law should favor ownership, and its policy should provide opportunities for as many people as possible to become owners."

In the invitation to workingmen to return, what does the Pope do?

Four things: *first*, makes it touchingly plain that he harbors no bitterness towards the deserters; *secondly*, actually invites them to return to the Church; *thirdly*, tells them that in the Church they can work for a better social order; and *fourthly*, assures them that in the Church they will find a place that can be had nowhere else in the world.

What is noteworthy in general about the "invitation to return"?

Two things: *first*, the fact that whereas hitherto the Pope has been giving the Church's attitude to Communism, here he gives her attitude to Communists; and *secondly*, the fact that this attitude is one of *kindness*; so much so, that it may be truly said of any Catholic activity, program, speech, or article dealing with the Communists, that: "*if it is not kind, it is not Catholic.*"

Just what are these "ranks of those working for the restoration of society, etc.?"

They are the various groups singled out for praise in Chapter One of "The Fortieth Year": such as the various *charitable* organizations, e.g., the St. Vincent de Paul Society; or *social* works, e.g., credit unions, Catholic Youth organizations; or *workingmen's unions*, especially such groups as the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists; or even those Catholics who singly or in groups support *social legislation* of benefit to the people, such as many of the policies of the New Deal.

— EDUCATION —

Christ says: "You cannot serve two masters, God and mammon."

* "You cannot, and all our education consists in trying to find out how you can," says Robert Louis Stevenson. — *Peter Maurin.* *

Catholic Anecdotes



WHERE IS HEAVEN?

A pastor who was known as an eloquent preacher one Sunday delivered an unusually inspiring sermon on heaven. The next day one of his wealthy parishioners met him and said:

"Father, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you did not tell us where it is."

"Ah," said the priest with a smile, "then I shall be glad to take the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the house you see there on the side of the hill. In that cottage there is a poor member of my flock. She is ill in bed with a fever. Her two little children are also ill, and there is hardly a bit of fuel or food in the house."

"Now, if you will go down town and buy fifty dollars' worth of provisions, clothing and fuel and take them to her and say: 'My friend, I have brought you these things in the name of God,'—you will be permitted to behold a bit of heaven before you leave that dwelling."

CURING AVARICE

A young nobleman, the story goes, who was being educated at a university, received a large sum of money from his wealthy parents every month with which to defray his expenses. The youth had a natural bent towards avarice, and so each month he would get along on as little as he possibly could and would store up the rest under lock and key.

One day his uncle, a very liberal man, paid him a visit. In the course of the conversation he asked his nephew whether he had any money. Proud of his savings, the young man immediately told him that he had quite a sum of money stored away. The appearance of his room told the uncle that his nephew was well on his way to becoming a miser.

Wishing to teach him a lesson, he asked to see the money. The lad triumphantly brought out his savings and displayed them in the box where they were kept. The old man took him by the arm and led him to the window and, pointing down, said:

"Look at those poor people down there!" On the street were a

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number of poor ragged looking men sweeping. Whenever their eyes fell on anything they thought they could use, they would stoop down and pick it up. As the young man looked, his uncle took the money box from him and cried out to the men in the street: "You men down there, here is a present from this young gentleman. He wants you to have a good meal and to drink to his health." With that he threw all the money into the group of sweepers, and it was eagerly scrambled for.

When he had recovered from his first impulse of anger, the young nobleman admitted that the lesson was needed. After that he continued to save, but in order that he might always be able to give something to the poor.

COURAGE IN THE CROSS

At the most critical moment during the battle of Chickamauga, General Rosecrans dashed into the hottest of the fire to rally the men who had begun to waver before the terrific assaults of superior numbers of the enemy.

A young staff officer who accompanied Rosecrans begged him to retire to a safer place and not expose himself to almost certain death. To the fears of the young officer the old general replied:

"Never mind me, boy. Make the sign of the cross and go on in!"

The great soldiers' Catholic faith shone out strong in every action of his patriotic and noble career.

LOVE FOR THE MASS

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish liberator, never made any compromises with regard to his religion. On one occasion he had to go on a long journey from Tralee, passing through Abbeyfeale on his way. Expecting to change conveyances at Abbeyfeale, he wrote the following letter to the innkeeper there:

Mr. Leahy, Innkeeper, Abbeyfeale

Sir:

I will be at your house about two o'clock on Sunday. Have four horses ready for me by two o'clock. Take care that the drivers have Mass — I will not arrive until after the last Mass and will not allow any man to drive me who has lost Mass.

Truly yours,

Daniel O'Connell.

Pointed Paragraphs

OFF WITH THE OLD

The most popular question in the minds of men today is the incessant query: "What's wrong with the world?" Wars, murders, prejudices, crimes, duplicity, lying, cheating, swindling, dissension wherever two or three are gathered together — the whole catalogue of evils is being exemplified and paraded before our eyes. And everybody wants to know what's wrong.

It is more than possible that if a generous portion of the individuals who make up the world would change that popular question to this: "What's wrong with me?" it would not be long before half the reasons for social uneasiness and fear would be destroyed. Social, national, and international problems all have their origin in individuals; and there is no man whose life is so isolated from others that some transformation in his character would not affect the world.

The state of the world, then, should offer a very telling challenge to persons who look upon the dawn of a new year as a time for resolves. A healthy examination of conscience is what everybody needs — and then a few courageous resolutions. If that is done the troubles of the world will take care of themselves.

What's wrong with me? Am I selfish and sensual in my private affairs? Am I greedy and avaricious in my own small way? Am I hypocritical and two-faced in my dealings with God or my neighbor? Am I dishonorable and dishonest in my business transactions whenever I "can get away with it?" Am I intolerant and overbearing towards those who oppose me?

It does not require a great deal of study or logic to see that all these faults, so common in individuals, are the too healthy roots of the ever growing worldwide tribulations. Let's kill the roots and the plants will die.

A few Saints here and there in the world is what we need. In other ages one Saint was often enough to hold up the whole Christian civilization when it seemed doomed. Let's have a few — let's become a few Saints in this self-destroying world.

FUNNY INTERNAL FEELINGS

Arnold Lunn, literature, controversialist, Catholic convert, has coined a new word to express the basis on which many people nowadays rest their religious practice and belief. He calls it FIF — which stands for “A Funny Internal Feeling.” Many of those who have given up all belief in a definite religious creed will proudly state that “they are still religious — very religious,” and when pressed for a reason will fall back on something like “a funny internal feeling.”

It is surprising to find, however, how many Catholics practice their religion according to the ups and downs of “funny internal feelings.” They would go to Mass every day, except for the fact that “they get nothing out of it,” which means they get no funny internal feelings. They would receive Holy Communion often, if they could only feel a little devotion at it; without “funny internal feelings” they will not go. They pray when they feel like praying, and do not pray when there are no funny internal feelings. Worse than all this, the Catholic victims of sensuality will often excuse it under the plea that “they did not feel that what they were doing was wrong; on the contrary, there were very powerful internal feelings approving their deeds.”

A religion based on such motives is about as good as no religion at all. Religion is a matter of reason, and of faith rooted in reason, and its practices must be based on these foundations or they are valueless.

The real Christian says to himself: “Holy Communion is the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Whether I feel His presence under the veils He has adopted or not, I believe that He is there; and I unite myself with Him often because of my belief and not because of my feelings.” Such a person realizes that though his emotions be utterly cold at the time of Holy Communion, he is doing something ineffably pleasing to God.

The real Christian says: “I believe that Holy Mass is the re-enactment of the Sacrifice of Christ on the Cross that I may offer it in my own name. However I feel about it, I know that to offer this Holy Sacrifice is an inestimable privilege, and because of my knowledge I offer it daily.”

The real Christian says: “Sometimes I feel like praying and sometimes I don't; but I always know why I should pray, and it is on my knowledge that I base my daily practices of prayer.”

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We need more Christians who will speak in this manner. Then we'll have less trust in FIF in the Catholic Church, and more real FAITH.

FRENZY ABOUT NUMBERS

There have been some caustic criticisms in recent Catholic papers and reviews of the popular enthusiasm for Novenas. Possibly the remarks of some of those who spoke thus were thrown off in an unguarded moment and caught up by a fine-eared reporter; perhaps the criticizers were thinking of something entirely different from what their words conveyed. At any rate, newspaper reports make the criticisms pretty sharp.

One such is reported to have said: "There is too much Novena-ism — too many lollipops in this country. I don't believe God is going to save us by numbers."

There can be no question about the fact that there are ignorant persons whose sole form of worship of God is the mechanical use of some formula of prayer. No doubt critics like the above have such persons in mind. But it is hard to see that this justifies such blanket condemnation of Novenas. For Novenas consist essentially of prayers, and even the superstitious Novena-maker is placing himself within reach of the immeasurable graces that come from prayer. As to the sensible Novena-makers, they are doing the one thing on which the salvation of themselves and the world depends: they are praying. Condemning Novenas is, at least unintentionally, striking a blow at the practice of prayer, and that is getting dangerously close to scandal!

As to this frenzy about numbers, it seems to be wholly on the part of the critics. On the part of Catholics who say a certain number of prayers every day or every week for a certain length of time, it seems to be a very temperate imitation of Christ, who distinguished certain numbers by His prayers; of the Church, which sets many of her official prayers in very definite numbers of days; and of universal human behavior in affairs of importance.

And by the way, we can imagine some hot-headed critic standing up against St. Dominic in the 13th century, when he was preaching the Rosary as a means of salvation for the faith, and shouting: "There is too much Rosary-ism in this country — too much of this flower stuff and beads on a chain. I don't believe God is going to save us by numbers."

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But as a matter of fact, he did save them by numbers — because they happened to be numbers of prayers.

BOLD CAMPAIGNERS NEEDED

English correspondents report that the birth-prevention business is using every conceivable form of promotion in their country. It is a common practice for some dealer to take the notices of birth from the papers and to send all the parents catalogues and propaganda for birth prevention. They offer to supply goods secretly, and some of them have requests that the purchaser state whether the goods should be addressed to Mr., or Mrs., or Miss.

Similar practices have been made use of in this country. Besides sending advertising circulars through the mail, the birth-prevention dealers have innumerable ways of announcing their wares in magazines shoddy enough to carry the rot in their pages. We ran across one magazine recently which fairly reeked of thinly veiled sales-appeal to women.

All this goes to prove the necessity of vigorous anti-birth prevention movements among Catholics. We are not thinking so much of great public pronouncements by prominent Catholic societies, nor of resolutions passed by anonymous groups at conventions. We are thinking of the private campaigning Catholics can do in their own limited circles.

We are thinking of the Catholic mother who can "shut up" a neighbor who comes to give her a bit of private advice for the "security" of her future; of the Catholic druggist who can throw a scare into the wholesale peddler who comes to ask him to market his devices of sin; of the Catholic father who can start a neighborhood boycott of the druggist who is placing contraceptives within reach of high-school students by brazen show-window displays; of the Catholic doctor who not only takes a negative stand on the question by not giving contraceptive advice to his patients, but who knows how to frame positive condemnations for those who ask for advice.

To take part in such a campaign requires good strong faith and an intelligent understanding of what it demands and why. Until such Catholics in private life take up this cause in a vigorous way, the profiteers in the ugly business of birth-prevention will continue to grow rich on weak Catholics' patronage. And that is the equivalent of speeding immortal souls along the path that leads to Hell!

PRESCRIBERS OF DEATH

What are the feelings of an advocate of euthanasia (painless murder of the old and incurable) when he is facing death at the hands of others himself? Perhaps this true story, taken by the *Wanderer* from the *Medical Guardian* will give a clue:

The wife of a well-to-do business man in England asked admittance into a Catholic hospital for examination and diagnosis by her physician. At the time of her admission the Sisters did not know that she and her husband and her physician had been strong advocates of euthanasia.

The X-ray examination was made and she was found to have an incurable cancer which would allow her at most two years of painful life.

The evening after this discovery the doctor came to the hospital ostensibly to see his patient. Before he left he took the night nurse aside and ordered her to give the patient a hypodermic injection of a grain of morphia. The nurse, realizing what this would mean, took the order to the supervising Sister.

"Why," said the Sister, "she would never wake up from such a dose. Give her an eighth of a grain. That will be enough."

The next morning the doctor telephoned to the hospital and asked after his patient. "Is she still alive?" he said. When assured that she was, he said he would come right over.

He went directly to the Sister in charge and brazenly demanded to know why his orders had been disobeyed. "I ordered her a grain of morphia," he said, "to make her sleep. She ought not to have awakened." The Sister answered at once: "We are Catholic Sisters here. We would not consent to what we look on as murder." Later even the woman's husband came and angrily rebuked the Sisters for not permitting the night nurse to carry out the doctor's murderous orders.

It was some time later that the woman herself spoke as follows to the Sister who was attending her: "Sister, do you know why I asked to come to this Catholic hospital? I will tell you a secret. I thought my ailment might be fatal. I was afraid my husband and the doctor would drug me to death, but I thought I should be safe here and you would not allow me to be drugged."

The death of others often looks like a desirable thing — to pagans

and perverts. But when the tables are turned — what a different story it is!

LESSON IN LEAKAGE

What is happening in many of our large city parishes was indicated not long ago by a survey made in a rather typical large parish in the city of Milwaukee. The pastor of St. Boniface parish had two seminarians call at every house in the area of his parish — some 7,752 homes. This is what they found:

There were 2,073 families that were supposed to be Catholic or partially so. Of these, examination showed that 1,035 (about half the total) were practical Catholics; 698 (about a third) were lax; 350 (about a sixth) were fallen away. Of the children of grade school age it was found that 719 were in parochial schools and 513 in public.

We believe that the situation in that particular parish is fairly typical of what would be found in almost any large city parish. And if the figures do no fairly shriek a message, if they do not illuminate the deep wisdom of Pope Pius XI in appealing for universal Catholic Action, then we who are interested in immortal souls are in a fog of blindness.

The lesson of the figures is not only for pastors and priests — it is for all Catholics. Indeed, a pastor can do little in reclaiming fallen-aways or making fervent Catholics out of lax without the help of the laity. He needs active societies such as the Holy Name, St. Vincent de Paul, Legion of Mary, etc. He needs co-operation in parish affairs both spiritual and temporal, such as missions and retreats, etc., and entertainments and get-togethers. He needs the prayers of his good people and their example.

It is depressing to think of how the number of lax and fallen-away Catholics found in one large parish must be multiplied by the many large parishes in the land. Let's do more than think sadly about it; let's get to work!

— AVE MARIA! —

When the Catholic speaks of his heavenly Mother, his heart is full with all the strength of feeling that is contained in that word. Mary is, as it were, a gracious revelation of certain ineffable and ultimate traits in the nature of God which are too fine and too delicate to be grasped otherwise than as reflected in the mirror of a mother. Ave Maria! — *Karl Adam.*

----- L I G U O R I A N A -----

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

VIRTUES OF THE MARTYRS

THERE is no doubt that the martyrs are indebted for their crown to the power of the grace which they received from Jesus

**From:
Victories of
the Martyrs**

Christ; for He it is that gave them the strength to despise all the promises and all the threats of tyrants, and to endure all the torments till they had made an entire sacrifice of their lives. So that all their merits, as St. Augustine writes, were the effects of the grace that God in His mercy imparted to them. But it is also certain, and even of faith, that on their part the martyrs co-operated with the grace which enabled them to obtain this victory. Innovators have blasphemed against this truth, saying that all the crimes of the wicked and all the good works of the just are the offspring of necessity; but the same St. Augustine gives them the lie when he says that in this case no reward or punishment would be just.

We at first remark that the martyrs are firmly attached to all the dogmas of the Christian faith. In the first ages of the Church two false religions especially opposed ours: these were the religion of the Gentiles and that of the Jews. The religion of the Gentiles, by admitting several gods, furnished, itself, the proof of its falsity; for if the world had been under the dominion of several masters, it could not have maintained that regular and constant order which we see has been preserved for so many centuries up to the present

time. . . . Moreover, the very words of the idolatrous priests clearly demonstrated the falsity of their worship, since the actions that they attributed to their gods represented the latter as filled with passions and vices. This was the way in which the holy martyrs reproached the tyrants when the latter exhorted them to sacrifice to their idols: "How can we adore your gods, if, instead of offering us models of virtue, they exhibit us only examples of vice?" The religion of the Jews, although formerly holy and revealed by God, was at that time not less manifestly obsolete and false. In fact, in the Scriptures themselves which they had received from God, had preserved with so much care, and had transmitted to us, it was predicted that at a certain time the Son of God was to come down upon earth, to become man, and to die for the salvation of the world; that they themselves would put him to death on the Cross, as they actually did, and that in punishment of this impiety they would be driven from their own kingdom, and without a king, without a temple, without a country, they would live scattered, and be vagabonds throughout the world, abhorred and despised by all nations. These were predictions that were manifestly realized in every particular after the death of the Saviour.

WHAT rendered still more certain the truth of our faith was the formation of a new people of God by the conversion of the Gentiles: this was known to

have been announced beforehand in the Scriptures, and this was seen to be realized as soon as the apostles spread throughout the world in order to promulgate the New Law preached by Jesus Christ. This event was an evident proof of the protection that God gave to the Christian religion; for how could these poor sinners or these poor publicans, such as the apostles were — men devoid of instruction, of wealth, of every human assistance, and even persecuted by the magistrates and emperors, have induced, without divine assistance, so many Christians to renounce all their property, all their honors, and generously to sacrifice their lives amid tortures the most excruciating that the power and the cruelty of the tyrants could invent?

But what was still more marvellous was to behold so many Gentiles embracing a religion difficult to believe and difficult to practise. It was difficult to believe on the part of the intellect, for this religion teaches mysteries beyond the reach of human reason; namely, the Trinity of one God in three distinct persons, who have but one nature, one power, and one will; the Incarnation of the Son of God come upon earth to die for the salvation of mankind; and many other articles regarding original sin, the spirituality and the immortality of the soul, the sacraments, especially the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. It was difficult to practise on the part of the will, because it commands things contrary to the inclinations of nature corrupted by sin and repugnant to the libertinism in which the pagans were living, who were accustomed to follow their pas-

sions and to give themselves up to the pleasures of the senses. . . .

BESIDES the interior lights of grace, there were many other causes that induced the people to embrace Christianity and to remain firm in professing it. Miracles contributed much to inflame their zeal; for from the moment in which the apostles began to preach, the Lord caused miracles to abound to the testimony of the faith, as St. Mark says: *They preached everywhere, the Lord working withal, and confirming the word with signs that followed.*

The martyrs received great courage in their sufferings from the desire of quickly arriving at the fruition of the promises made by Jesus Christ to His followers: *Blessed are ye when they shall revile and persecute you. . . . Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven.*

But what, above all, filled the martyrs with courage and ardor and made them wish to die for their divine Master, whom St. Augustine calls the King of Martyrs, was love for Him who wished to die on the Cross in pain and desolation for the love of us, as St. Paul says: *He loved us and hath delivered Himself for us.* Actuated by this love, they went with joy to suffer and to die for Jesus Christ; so that, not content to endure the pains that were inflicted upon them, they besought, they provoked the executioners and the tyrants, to obtain from them an increase of torture, in order that they might show themselves more grateful to God who died for the love of them.

Book Reviews

BIOGRAPHY

Blessed Martin de Porres, Sainly American Negro and Patron of Social Justice. By J. C. Kearns, O.P. Published by Benziger, 212 pages. Price, \$1.50.

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

What the modern world does not know about social justice and charity, which is plenty, Brother Martin can teach it and more. If there ever was a saga of supernatural influences in a natural and sinful world, this story provides it. Brother Martin based his campaign for Social Justice on the truth of Christianity that "every man is my brother and must be treated accordingly." He made no exception for sinners or tramps; uncultured natives or rich officials; he went out from his monastery and treated all to large doses of such charity as the world seldom sees. He spent his life, apart from his hours of contemplation and religious service and penance, doing two things: begging for alms and distributing them to the poor. Yes, and there was a third thing he did, really a part of the second; he worked miracles—so many and so utterly bewildering that he will keep the skeptics busy for another century trying to coin words that will delude themselves into thinking have explained the miracles away. The moral is: once start practicing real charity, and anything becomes possible; at the sight of the real thing, God opens the flood gates of His infinite power and lets it flow through the hands of the one who has adopted it. Talk about socializing or organizing charity, and you will be talking a different language than Brother Martin. The only organizing he did, was to designate different days for begging for different classes: On Sundays, he begged for Indians and Negro slaves; on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, for needy families; on Thursdays and Fridays, for poor priests, clerics, and students; and on Saturdays and Mondays, for Masses for the Souls in Purgatory. Estimates are that his average total intake and disbursements for a week were about 2,000 dollars. This book provides the most com-

plete and authentic account of the saint who did these things: you must have it, and see "the heavens opening and angels ascending and descending."

—D. F. M.

MISCELLANEOUS

Five Minute Sermons. Short talks on Life's problems. By Rev. J. Elliot Ross. Fourth series. B. Herder Book Co. St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.50.

In this work, the fourth of his series, "short talks on life's problems," Father Ross has supplied a triple want of the busy parish priest: If spoken just as written, each talk lives up to the title of, "five minute sermons." But the conciseness of each sermon, and the many extra thoughts each suggests, makes the book very practical as a sketch basis for longer sermons. Moreover the sermons make an excellent meditation book, especially for the priest who likes to utilize some of his time for mental prayer in preparing his Sunday sermon.

As to subject matter, the talks are chosen for the very greater part taken from some text from the Gospel, Epistle or gradual of the Mass of the day. And if sometimes it appears that the author has tried to glean too much from a text or gone too far afield from the precise idea of a quotation, there is, nevertheless, a definite and logical connection between parts of each sermon and the book as a whole.

By apt choice of present day examples and especially by inclusion of sermons dealing with new ideas and ideals drawn from the texts of Scripture, such as one on Catholic Press Month on the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany, Father Ross has aimed at the, "healthy Modernism," that Pope Pius asks his priests to attain.

Taken as a whole the book is a worthy counterpart with the other three volumes of Father Ross' excellent series. In size it is small enough to be carried in valise or even overcoat pocket and may well be a handy companion of the traveling, busy priest. —E. A. M.

His Majesty the King and Other Stories.

By Josephine Quirk. Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 167 pages.

These stories, easy and conversational in style, combine genuine human interest with good Catholic belief and practice. They might be called "pious stories"; for their appeal is not to the sophisticated few, but to the larger audience for whom the honest expression of human emotion on noble subjects and true, like the good old ones of home and religion and children and Christmas—and even a young nun's joy in her vocation—is the thing that touches the heart strings and brings the smiles and the joy and even the tears. A good present for any poor shut-in, or for anyone at all whose outlook on life is based on simple virtues and pleasures.—*R. J. M.*

Mary Mother of Divine Grace. By Rev. Joseph Le Rohellec, C.S.Sp. Translated by Rev. Stephen Rigby and Rev. Denis Fahey, C.S.Sp. The B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.25.

This very fine book reviews for the layman the chief points in Theology that touch on the position of the Blessed Virgin in God's plan of redemption. It is written in a very clear and a popular style and will do an immense amount of good if it is read as widely as it should be. It should be in every Catholic home and then read often by every member of the family.

Father Le Rohellec wrote the book in order to inflame the hearts of Catholics with that fervent devotion to Mary which God wants and which must come back into the church if we would rid the world of that spirit of indifference in religious matters which everybody admits is with us. Such is the thought that inspired this splendid little book.

We hear much today of the excessive devotion shown to the Blessed Mother of God but according to Father Le Rohellec the Catholics of this time have far to go if they would reach that degree of fervor in their love for Mary which the first Christians had.—*E. A. M.*

CALENDAR

Christian Life Calendar. By the Rev. William H. Puetter, S.J. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee, Wis. Price, 75 cents.

This is a liturgical calendar in the sense that it follows the liturgical year of the Church and also in that it gives helpful and interesting liturgical notes and explanations for every day of the year. It will be especially welcomed by users of

the English Missal, whether the daily or the Sunday Missal, for the Mass of each day is clearly indicated. It might readily find a place not only in the home but even the sacristy. More care might have been taken in the make-up—crooked lines and uneven spacing detract from the appearance of a number of pages. Again, it is not strictly correct to call the Redemptorists (August 2) a "teaching" Congregation since this phase of their work is practically restricted to the education of young men in their own seminaries and for their own Congregation.

—*M. S. B.*

PRAYER BOOK

I Offer Holy Mass. Revised Fourth Edition. By Rev. James Walsh. Published by North Star Printing Co., St. Cloud, Minn. 144 pages. Price, paper cover, 15 cents.

The subtitle of this Mass-Book reads: *A Sacrificial Prayerbook that Offers Holy Mass as it should be offered.* The title of this prayerbook is somewhat misleading. It is not simply a book for Mass, but a general prayerbook containing prayers for all the occasions for which a devout Catholic would wish the aid of a book. The author italicizes the word *Sacrificial* in the subtitle, and in his remarks introducing the Mass-prayers, insists on this point emphatically. This seems strange, to say the least; it seems to imply that he is here satisfying a defect that is worth stressing in other books. In this day of the Liturgical Movement I am rather surprised at this and consider it somewhat presumptuous. If the Church's prayers for the Mass are not "sacrificial," then what prayers are?

I am of the opinion, too, that there is still a great call for prayerbooks, even Mass-books, of this kind; for many have not yet acquired the real understanding of the liturgical prayers. In the examination of Conscience for Confession, I feel that greater care could have been used to prevent misconception on the part of those who are trying to be good. Many of the questions regard sins that are certainly venial;—perhaps a note at the beginning on the difference between mortal and venial sin would remove misunderstanding. So, for those who do not use the Missal at Mass, and for all when receiving the Sacraments, I recommend this book, because the choice of prayers seems to me very good.



Catholic Comment



Beginning with this first issue of 1938, the character of this department will be somewhat changed. As the change in title indicates, it will no longer be a mere factual presentation of Catholic events of the month, but a mixture of fact and comment after the manner of a rather free speaking columnist. Readers are likewise invited to express their comments on Catholic events in these pages, or their comments on comments printed here. Address communications to "Catholic Comment," The Liguorian, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. The columnist reserves the right to use communications as he sees fit.

Christmas spirit was fostered during the recent December shopping time by a unique means in one large city we know of, and perhaps in others. Loud speakers were set up along the main shopping thoroughfare, and during the busy hours Christmas carols and hymns were broadcast to the multitude milling about in the streets and stores. Civic groups, Church choirs and other musical clubs were invited to provide the singing. Though commercially conceived, the scheme must be praised for results far beyond the commercial. It was more than a stimulus to buying to walk down the street amid thousands and hear the beautiful strains of the *Adeste Fidelis* haunting the atmosphere. It made that atmosphere seem thoroughly Christian for the moment.

Catholics in England have a new school problem to face. New laws have been passed which will require that all children over 11 years of age be taken out of elementary schools and placed in central or senior schools; furthermore such central or senior schools will not be permitted unless they have an enrollment of at least 160 children. Whether the law was designed to strike at Catholic education or not, it will have that effect. It means that children over 11 years of age in rural districts will have no opportunity of Catholic education because there will not be sufficient numbers of them to form senior schools; that Catholics even in populous districts will have to build many schools that they can ill afford. . . . We have our troubles providing Catholic education for our children in this country—but we are not alone.

Speaking of school problems, the Mexicans have theirs, but we share them too. Parents in that country have had to make indignant protests to the ministry of public education that in the official schools nude photographs, vile drawings and immoral short stories are being presented to fifth and sixth grade pupils under the pretext of teaching them "the exact and precise laws of nature." . . . We have threats, and sometimes, imitations of that sort of thing in the effort of depraved educators to thrust courses in eugenics upon grade school children. Of all the diabolically conceived plans for the destruction of the morals and characters of children, there is none more evil. A normal child is only made abnormal by public discussions of things that awaken the knowledge and desire of evil that would otherwise remain dormant for a long time.

An unprecedented campaign is on in the archdiocese of St. Louis. More than

THE LIGURIAN

20,000 lay persons have volunteered to take part in a door-ringing party—going to every house in the archdiocese making a religious survey. Archbishop Glennon conceived the campaign and is executing it under the direction of the Arch-confraternity of Christian doctrine. The volunteer canvassers are called “fishers”—and it is beyond doubt that their nets, like the Apostles’, will be filled to breaking before the end of their work. Many of the results will no doubt be unrecorded, because the questioners will start many a lax and fallen-away and non-Catholic thinking, even though they do not sign on any dotted line.

“Ballyhoo,” pure and simple, is the name given by Monsignor John A. Ryan to the newspapers’ formulas of recovery for the recent slump in business. “Revision of laws imposing taxes on undistributed surplus of industry” is called a false cure, because it is based on the theory that plants need money for expansion—when as a matter of fact plants are too far expanded already—are capable of producing more than can be consumed. “Balancing the budget” is an insane proposal for recovery because the national budget has absolutely nothing to do with the ups and downs of business. “Confidence” is just what leads to major depressions in business if it be only the imaginary thing the newspapers talk about, and is a justified thing only when it is based on a real demand for goods. Monsignor Ryan gives three reasons for the recent recession in business: 1) exhaustion of the funds given out in the soldiers’ bonus; 2) reduced government spending through the W.P.A., etc.; 3) rise in prices manipulated by monopolists. Something to think about, you must admit, in all these statements.

Up in Vancouver, the community of Anglican nuns that entered the Catholic Church in a body some time ago, has been formed into a community of Catholic nuns under the authority of the archbishop of Vancouver. However, they must undergo the usual tests before being admitted to profession; at present they are undergoing six months of postulancy; on March 1st, they will enter the novitiate period, and one year from that date will be permitted to take vows if they persevere. . . . Thus does the wise old Church provide that new converts will not act under the influence of sudden enthusiasm and emotion rather than tried and proven fidelity.

The Franciscan Fathers in Chicago have been responsible for 1,200 conversions of negroes since they inaugurated their work in that field five years ago. . . . This progress is paced by other Catholic units engaged in negro work in other cities. . . . It makes one realize what a grand field for the apostolate is the colored race in America, and how bitterly neglected. . . . Very few are such centers of negro work, despite the millions of that race to whom the Gospel could be preached.

Two new archdioceses and three new dioceses have recently been created by the Holy See. The dioceses of Newark, New Jersey, and Louisville, Kentucky, have been raised to archdioceses; while dioceses have been made of Patterson (out of Newark), Camden (out of Trenton) and Owensboro (out of Louisville). The policy of the Holy See seems to be tending more and more towards the creation of many small dioceses, in order that the pastoral work of both bishops and priests may be made more effective and easy. This will restore something of the order of the early church, when there were many bishops and many small sees.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

A man rushed into the newspaper office and demanded to see the editor. "Sir," he cried as he strode up and down the room, "your paper has libeled me. You have called me the lightweight champion."

"But that is true," returned the editor, "You are Mr. Fightwell, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes," cried the other, "but it's my brother who is the boxer. I'm a coal merchant."

*

Doctor: "Why do you have BF-762 tattooed on your back?"

Patient: "That's not tattooed, Doctor, that's where my wife ran into me with the car when I was opening the gates."

*

An eminent psychiatrist swears he overheard this conversation on the subway.

"Ya' like t' read?"

"Ye'h."

"Wha'cha like t' read?"

"Oh, Lil' orphanie, Popeye 'n' Flash Gordon."

"Ya' like O. Henry?"

"Naw, de nuts git in me teeth."

*

Sam visited a zoo and there saw for the first time a deer. Not knowing its name, he inquired, and got for an answer:

"It's name is the same as the name wherewith your wife wakes you in the morning."

"You-all don't tell? Lazybones?"

*

An inspector examining a class in religious knowledge, asked the following question of a little girl, intending it for a catch:

"What was the difference between Noah's ark and Joan of Arc?"

He was not a little surprised when the child, answering, said:

"Noah's ark was made of wood and Joan of Arc was Maid of Orleans."

*

Elsie—I have a cold or something in my head.

Jimmy—A cold undoubtedly.

*

"Don't you know, Rufus, that you can't sell life insurance without a state license?"

"Yes, Boss. Ah knowed Ah couldn't sell it, but Ah didn't know de reason."

Domestic—I hear that you need a cook?

Mistress—Thank you, but I have just hired one.

Domestic—Very well, I'll call again tomorrow.

*

"Last night a hold-up man stuck a gun in my ribs and I only laughed."

"My, you must be brave!"

"No, only ticklish."

*

"Yes, the bullet struck my head, went careening into space, and—"

"How terrible! Did they get it out?"

*

Grandpa, in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far;
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Music by the G. A. R.

*

Kid: Say—I'd like to see the crazy cat you've got.

Ed: Crazy cat? I have no crazy cat! What makes you think that?

Kid: Well, everyone says you've got a silly puss!

*

Boyfriend—You're dancing with me to-night and I suppose tomorrow you'll be making a date with some other man.

Girlfriend—Yes, my chiropodist.

*

"Yes, sir! Many of his pupils have gone out to meet death with smiles on their faces and a song on their lips."

"Goodness! Does he train daredevil aviators?"

"No, voices."

*

"When a pedestrian and a motorist meet squarely at a cross-roads which has the right of way?"

"Oh, it's generally a toss up for the pedestrian."

*

Here lies the body of Susan Jones,
Resting beneath these polished stones,
Her name was Brown instead of Jones,
But Brown won't rhyme with polished stones,

And she won't know if it's Brown or Jones.

Redemptorist Scholarships

A Redemptorist scholarship or burse is a fund of \$5,000 whose interest serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary forever. Below is the list of incomplete Burses. Sums large or small may be given, and each donor is included in the daily Masses, Holy Communions and special prayers offered up by all Redemptorist students.

Supporting candidates for the priesthood has always been a favorite work among Catholics.



By this, families in which no child has received an actual vocation may adopt a priest as their own.

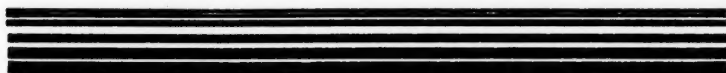


By this, they make themselves sharers in all the labors of the priest whom they have aided.



By this they take an active part in perpetuating the Church of Christ.

Married Ladies' Burse, St. Louis, Mo.,		
Rock Church	\$2,741.66	
Ven. Bishop Neumann Burse....	\$4,625.00	
Mrs. Elizabeth Mehan.....	1.00	4,626.00
Sacred Heart Promoters' Burse.	4,912.57	
League Promoters of the Rock		
Church	22.00	4,934.57
St. Joseph's Burse.....		1,712.00
St. Francis Assisi Burse.....		2,907.50
Little Flower Burse.....		3,004.50
St. Anne's Burse.....		657.00
St. Jude's Burse.....		271.00
St. Rita's Burse.....		517.00
St. Thomas Apostle Burse.....		211.00
St. Gerard's Burse.....		533.00
St. Peter's Burse.....		247.25
Holy Family Burse.....		27.50
St. Anthony's Burse		417.00
Mary Gockel Burse.....		12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franzen, C.Ss.R., Memorial		
Burse		1,118.73
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....		1,006.94
St. Alphonsus Burse.....		535.00
Holy Redeemer Burse.....		500.00



Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the League of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

Boy of the Streets
Checkers
Murder on Diamond Row
Partners of the Plains
Romance of the Rockies
Sergeant Murphy
She's Got Everything
Tovarich
Wells Fargo
You're a Sweetheart

Previously Reviewed

Adventure's End
Adventurous Blonde, The
African Holiday
All Over Town
Angel's Holiday
Annapolis Salute
Anything for a Thrill
Atlantic Flight
Barrier, The
Beg, Borrow or Steal
Behind the Headlines
Behind the Mike
Big Business
Big Shot, The
Blazing Barriers
Blossoms on Broadway
Boothill Brigade
Boots and Saddles
Boots of Destiny
Born to Dance
Born Reckless
Boss of Lonely Valley
Brand of the Outlaws
Borrowing Trouble
Breakfast For Two
Breezing Home
Bride for Henry, A
Brothers of the West
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge
Bulldog Edition
Captains Courageous
Clipped Wings
Courage of the West
Criminals of the Air
Damsel in Distress
Dance, Charlie, Dance
Danger Patrol
Danger Valley
Dangerous Adventure
Devil's Saddle Legion, The
Dinner at the Ritz
Doomed at Sun Down
Empty Holsters
Escape by Night
Feud of the Trail
Fire Over England
Firefly, The
First Lady
Fit For a King
Flying Fists
Forlorn River
45 Fathers
Frontier Town
Frame Up, The
Galloping Dynamite

Gold Racket, The
Great Garrick, The
Great Guy
Hats Off
Heart of the Rockies
Hearts Desire
Heidi
Hideaway
Hideout in the Alps
Hitting a New High
Hold 'Em Navy
Hollywood Cowboy
Hoosier Schoolboy, The
Hotel Haywire
Hot Water
House of Secrets
I'll Take Romance
It Happened Out West
It's All Yours
It's Love I'm After
Jubilee
Killers of the Sea
The King of Kings
King's People, The
Lady Fights Back, The
Lancer Spy
Laughing at Trouble
Law for Tombstone
Law Man is Born, A
Legion of Missing Men
Life Begins in College
Life Begins With Love
Life of the Party, The
London by Night
Love Is On the Air
Love on Toast
Love Under Fire
Luck of Roaring Camp
Make a Wish
Man of Affairs
Man in Blue, The
Man Who Cried Wolf, The
Marry the Girl
Melody for Two
Million Dollar Racket
Mind Your Own Business
Mountain Music
Mr. Boggs Steps Out
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air
Music for Madame
My Dear Miss Aldrich
Mysterious Crossing
Mystery Range
Navy, Blue and Gold
New Faces
Night of Mystery, A
Non Stop New York
Old Wyoming Trail
100 Men and a Girl
On Such a Night
Orphan Boy of Vienna
Over the Goal
Outer Gate, The
Paradise Isle
Perfect Specimen, The
Quick Money

Racing Lady
Range Defenders
Rangers Step In, The
Raw Timber
Reported Missing
Rhythm in the Clouds
Riders of the Dawn
Riders of the Rockies
Roll Along Cowboy
Sandflow
Saturday's Heroes
Sea Racketeers
Shadow, The
Sh! The Octopus
Shadow Strikes, The
She Asked for It
She Loved a Fireman
Sheik Steps Out
Sing and Be Happy
Singing Outlaw, The
Small Town Boy, The
Something to Sing About
Song of the City
Speed to Spare
Springtime in the Rockies
Submarine D-1
Super Sleuth
Stand In
Stars Over Arizona
Stormy Trails
Sudden Bill Dorn
Sweetheart of the Navy
Talent Scout
Tex Rides With the Boy Scouts
Texas Trail
Thanks for Listening
That's My Story
The Trailor
Thin Ice
This Way, Please
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry
Thrill of a Lifetime
Thunder in the City
Thunder Trail
Too Many Wives
Touch to Handle
Trailing Trouble
Trigger Trio
Trouble in Texas
Turn Off the Moon
Two Gun Law
Two of Us, The
The Valley of Terror
Varsity Show
Venus Makes Trouble
Wake Up and Live
Way Out West
West Bound Limited
West of Shanghai
Western Gold
Where There's a Will
Wild and Woolly
Wildcatters, The
Windjammer, The
Wrong Road
Young Dynamite
You're Only Young Once

